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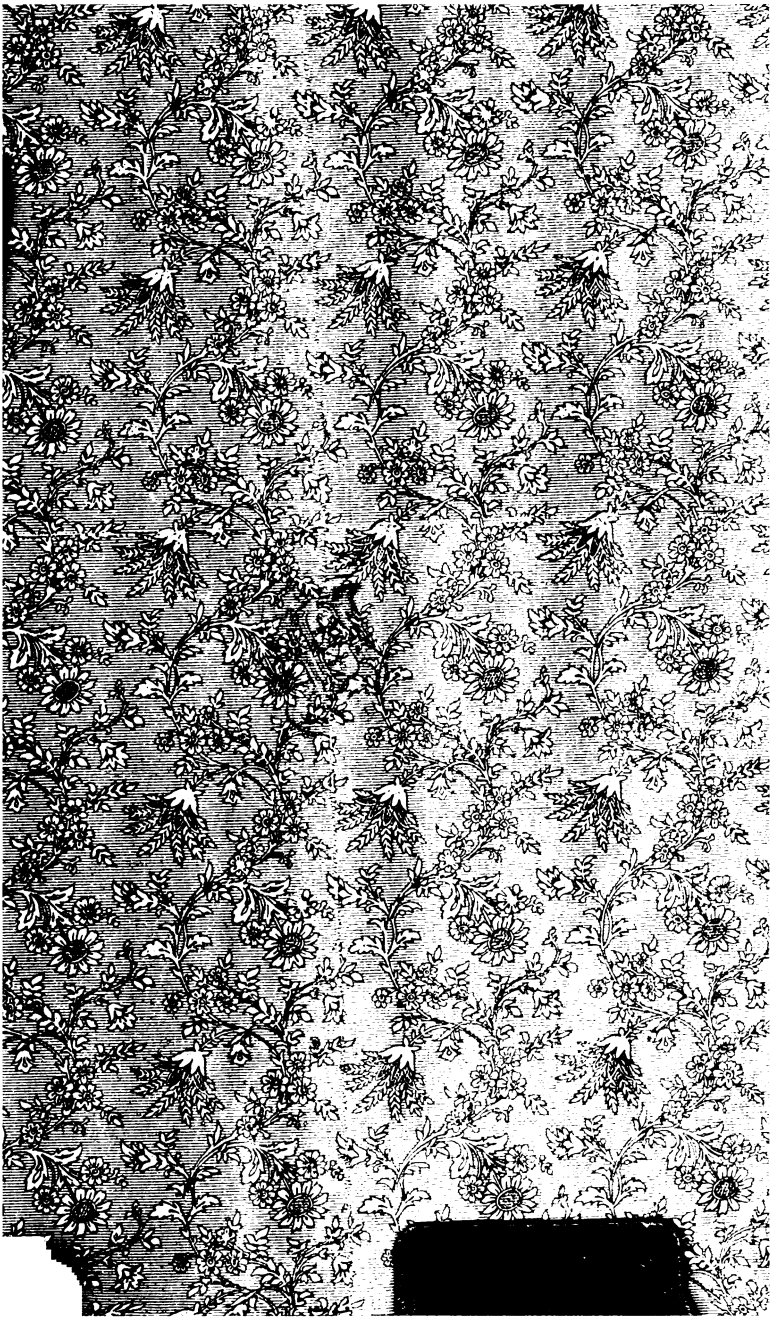
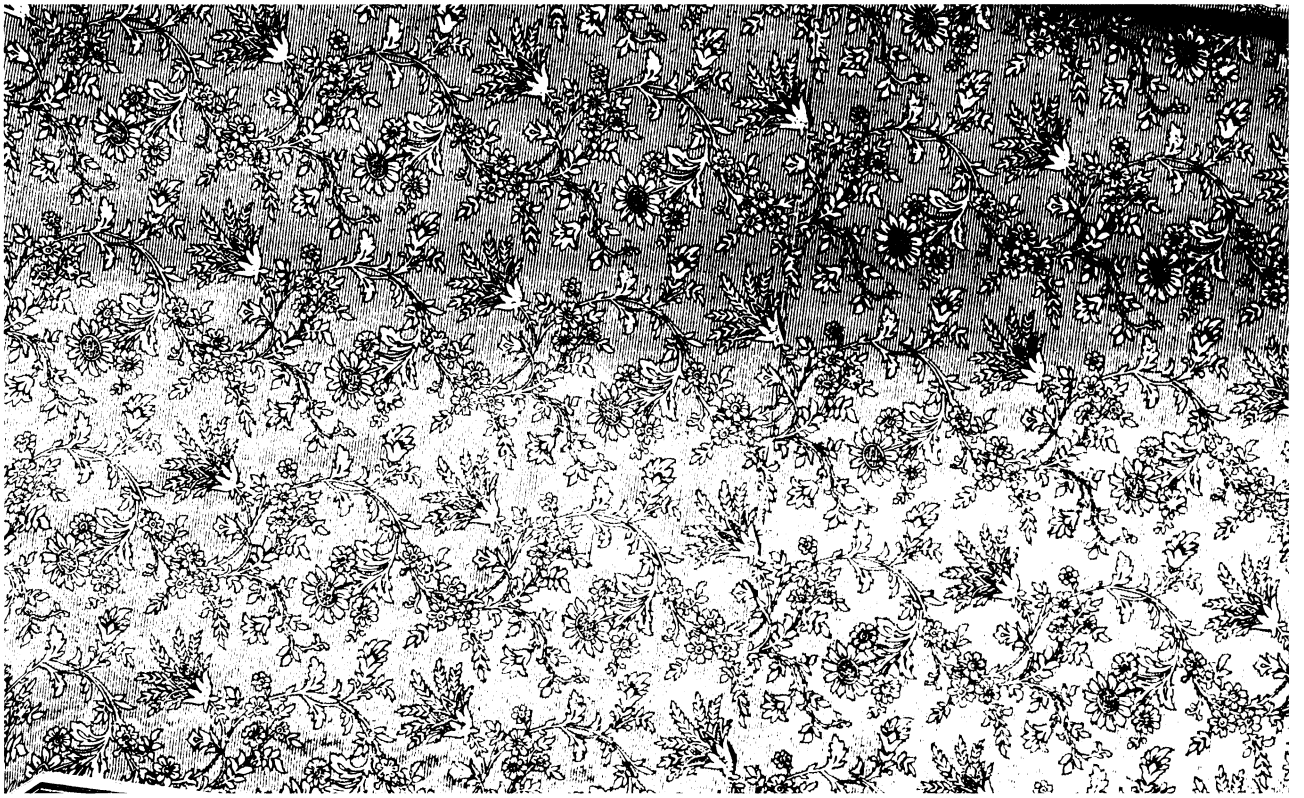
RAMSAY'S POEMS





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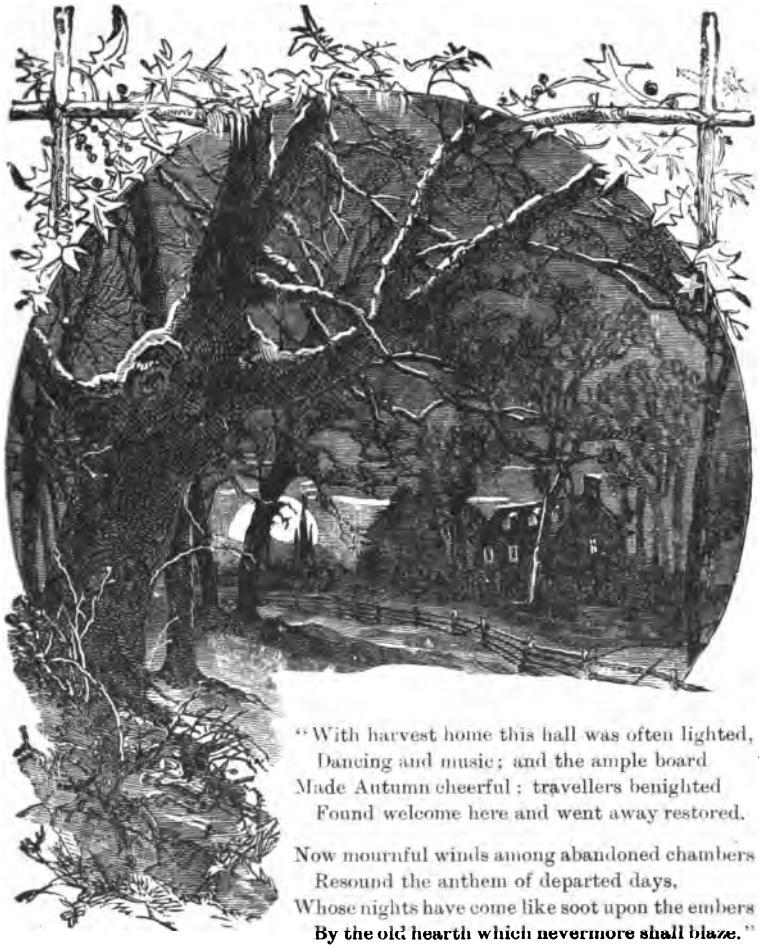

"With harvest home this hall was often lighted,
Dancing and music; and the ample board
Made Autumn cheerful: travellers benighted
Found welcome here and went away restored.

Now mournful winds among abandoned chambers
Resound the anthem of departed days,
Whose nights have come like soot upon the embers
By the old hearth which nevermore shall blaze."

"THE HAUNTED HOUSE."—Pages 51 and 52.

MURIEL,

THE FOUNDLING,

And Other Original Poems.

BY

ANDREW RAMSAY,

AUTHOR OF "ONE QUIET DAY," "CHRONICLES OF A CANADIAN FAMILY," "THE LYRE," ETC.

"*IN ALL LABOR THERE IS PROFIT.*"—PROVERBS.

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DEDICATION.

The man of science sees no cause or ending:
The poet hears a song above his theme;
The artist fails before a rainbow's blending:
The builder knows his unsubstantial beam.
Did ever any poet sing so purely
As to be pleased with all that he has done!
Perhaps the grandest genius rests but poorly
Unless a greater prize than praise is won.
Perchance he feels when looking on past labor
As those who fondle roses feel the thorn;
For self-compunction is a two-edged sabre,
And good untold is grievous to be borne.
To exorcise this demon of depression
Song sometimes contributes; but, O the void
The voicelessness of genius! still, perfection
Elsewhere may find its harp and be enjoyed.

Coll. Hon. Bks & S March 1925

"A strange bird sang, of mournful tone,
As if for Spring forever past."

"MURIEL."—Page 34.

PREFACE.

MANY misgivings beset the issue of a book of poetry, such as a diver feels when about to plunge in cold water. There is a time when the ocean tide is still, and that time seems more fateful than when the waters are "dark-heaving." It is a characteristic of imagination to dread its foes more than to fear them; for the lily has fewer enemies when it is in the bud than after its unfolding, especially if it happens to be a flower of the wilderness. So with these poems. They were brought up by the meadows, as it were, and nurtured in deep forests. They had not the advantage of a collegiate paternity. The day however has departed when sympathy could have been elicited in favor of ignorance; yet ignorance remains, like lees in a wine press. Pitted against those alien conditions, is something in the soul which must be uttered. And if it does not obtain vent by the pen, or pencil, the poetic spirit will revenge itself on its possessor by using the two edged sword of contrition. "Nature will be reported;" says Emerson, "all things are engaged in writing their history. The planets go attended by their shadow. The rolling

rock leaves its furrow on the mountain, the river its channel in the soil, the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern its modest epitaph in coal. In man memory is a looking-glass, which, having received images of surrounding objects, is troubled with life, and disposes of them in a new order. He loves to communicate, and that which is for him to say lies, like a load, on his heart till it be delivered." The above sentiment, which should be better known by those who ignore the bardic province as being infested with aliens, has been still better expressed by Charles G. D. Roberts, in the ballad of a Poet's Thought,

> "Then grieving he fled from that quiet spot,
> To where men work and are weary and weep;
> For he said—'the wealth for which I wrought
> Is sweet to win but bitter to keep.'"

From a utilitarian's standpoint the writing of poetry is an insane proceeding. As soon as a poet "opens an account with eternity" he is ostracized; envy, which is somewhat of a negative respect, may have its influence in his alienation. Certainly a poet's banishment from his brothers is not with his consent, for in all ages the minstrels have been glad to serve, first in battles for their native land, and foremost to welcome peace; but society deprecates his business ability as being below that of average men. Feeling this low estimate, and there are always numerous confirmations of adverse opinion—for doubt justifies itself as frequently as faith—he is driven forth like Ishmael, as it were, to occupy the disadvantageous position wherein

prejudicial opinions place him. This is more patent if the poet has not wealth wherewith to buy good will. Such a condition obtains in lands where poetry is best appreciated ; but his bardship's mischances are trebled in a new country. It is doubtful if even Burns could have obtained a hearing in Canada, now, equal to the reception which Scotland accorded him while he lived. Ah, well, as long as rainbows are not in the market, and no tax on sunbeams, or tollbars before the moon, poetry shall be received. As for the charge of lugubriousness which is sometimes preferred against the earlier productions of almost all poets, it is not a sin ; it is only the excess of glory obscured ; for the young bard feels " the burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world " In a wilderness, alone, tho' among many, who are better ; with hereditary endowments of depression, and an innate foreboding of a future at war with his inclinations, such circumstances leave, especially on an impressible being, a pensiveness which is not devoid of power. The vast contrast between the dull level lands of adversity and the city of perfection on the Beulah hill of his longing, to which he looks with eyes purged by the " ruphrasy and rue " of adversity, throws a shade on the soul in proportion to its height, and sheds o'er imagination a dark glow, like a volcano's glare in Paradise. The contrast between the celestial spheres and the misrule of this world would blast an angel were he to visit us. Why poets, who are frequently so sensitive that they can feel the edge of a shadow, and who know themselves inferior in unearthliness to none of the minions

that "clutch the world with a vain-grasping hand," are tempted to divulge their most cherished emotions and conceptions to an unknown public in a more confidential manner than to intimate associates is certainly strange. This effusiveness occurs, too, when one is uncertain whether the offering may not be rejected with the question: "Shalt thou then remain when the mighty have fallen?" Yet this seeming inconsistency may be explained by the author's motive —not in a preface, however; for a preface is frequently only an apology for the presentation of something that could have been avoided—and we hold him "unworthy of his office who does those things." If fame is the sole incentive to sing, its selfishness will produce its own reward—the waste basket of oblivion. But if the hallowed agencies of patriotism, truth, and beauty, added to and vivified by an infinite and innate perception of discord without and harmony within, the spirit yield no rest except through "the immortal wish and power to bless" a few at least of the tuneless thousands, who plod on in life's flinty byways, that they may awaken to a livelier sympathy for themselves and for their country by the perusal of poetic descriptions of familiar scenes, then any excuse for publicity is unnecessary. Nor seems it necessary to repeat what the "gentle reader" has heard so often: "that these poems were written in circumstances of the most discouraging character;" and so on. As if it were possible to find any poetry written otherwise. A happy poet seldom sings, and is as seldom seen as a star at noon. With few exceptions,

Wordsworth, for instance, poets fail in harmony as they gain in happiness.

> "They are cradled into poetry by wrong,
> And learn in sorrow what they teach in song."

For no one worthy of his high calling ever chose his own avocation. His calling is fate; and, by that same token, nature, grace or the genii could not appoint a mortal to a much severer ordeal than to ordain him a bard. Why destiny, or Providence, is so exacting with nature's favorites is another enigma; but the mystery as a fact remains; and those who can resist the responsibility assumed with the singing robes, should do so if the alternative of silence is not bitterer still. For there has been no attempt made by any legislature to form a scale whereby musical or bardic merit may be placed in its legitimate position. Perhaps it is as impossible to devise such a standard as it is to weigh prayers; consequently song must be judged, as generals are, by the doubtful verdict of success. No odds about the cost of success. If the Spartan children cannot endure the icebath, let them die.

> "We drop a tear for all who fail,
> To the triumphant cry, All hail!"

From some of the foregoing observations, it may be seen without saying, that the verses in this volume make no pretentions to that awful inspiration which in some attracts less than it chills, and worries itself about the gods. If they contain any symptoms of superordination they emanated from a temperament

keenly alive to music, and the mysterious hints of unknown but felt conditions of possible perfection for humanity; and from that world which heaven lets out sometimes, when the unseen powers of nature seem hushed, beholding the sky from nadir to zenith "steeped in some rainbow essence." Also from remembrance of a locality which for loveliness might rival Avoca in all but fame.

The poems in this volume which were formerly published, were so kindly received by women and men of literary genius too noble to flatter, that the writer came to the conclusion, in order to be somewhat worthy of such generous opinions, and, however presumptuous it may sound, to add his widow's mite in furtherance of Canadian poetry, he should carefully expunge all such redundance and disproportion as he feared might militate against their reception by readers of a more exacting character. They are consequently, perhaps, in a less faulty condition now than when previously issued; and are collected with the addition of about four thousand lines which have not before been in print. Being a Canadian, and not an office-seeker, the author may be allowed to boast of his patriotism. Hence national and loyal subjects have given the writer, at least, most pleasure.

From a Finnish epic, the Kalevola:

"The cold has spoken to me, and the rain has told me her runes; the winds of heaven, the waves of the sea, have spoken and sung to me, the wild birds have taught me, the music of many waters has been my master."

PREAMBLE.

GENTLE Muses, if an alien
Deems it worth his while to ask you
Why this volume void of wisdom
As a stream that has no motive
But to ripple from its high rock
Thro' pied flora in old forests,
Sidèwise glancing over boulders
Mossy-misted with green weather,
In thro' marigolden meads where
White-armed maids knee deep in clover
Part the perfumed hay for berries;
Passing on thro' clearance slashings
Where the woodman's axe is echoed
By the barn-floor flail resounding,
By the lowing of his cattle,
By his harrow on the fallow,
By the laughter of his children
And the drab highholder tapping
Girdled pinetrees, and thro' hamlets,
Towns and cities large in commerce,

Till at last it reaches ocean ;
If the charms of these he question
Duty bids you answer duly :
Wherefore need they be avoided ?
Every man's imagination
Round some preference fondly lingers,
And, unless his mind is puerile
Let him follow his best impulse.
If with Stanley he would wander
'Mid dark tribes by sultry Congo,
Or explore where silent Franklin
Sleeps beyond boreal Yaanak,
Far by seas of flashing icebergs
Neath the north star mute with coldness
White in stillness ; or paint beauty
For its own sake ; or carve marble
Like Laocoon, or Flora,
That the world may be more blest with
Ampler feasts outspread for learning,
Let him do so ; may he prosper
In his work for it is worthy.
If inspired to limn majestic
Lone Niagara's awful grandeur,
Great with something more than nature ;
Or the blue-throned Thousand Islands,
Mist-besprent in frosty fretwork,
Or enhaloed by florescence ;
Or where yellow Yosemite,
Being near to angels, blushes
Aural, rosy, starlit lustres,
Pulsing high in iris nimbus,
Lifting skyward him who limns it

Till the soul yearns for its kindred—
Surely these are always worthy ;
For, by a divine appointment,
Nature is the poet s college ;
And the seer, Imagination,
Makes her scholarship immortal
By strange facts and what they symbol,
As the colors in a diamond
Do evolve enduring value,
And are ampler than the stone is,
Or as blossoms emblem Eden.
By her magic death is thwarted,
And the truth made strong by fiction ;
With her breath the dry bones tremble,
For her song is resurrection ;
And the bards, by her foreboding,
Are the prophets, and they likewise
Backward look with lordly vision.
Thus to one strange thoughts in youth came,
Musing by a glowing hearthfire,
When the wintry nights were stormy,
When gaunt wolves howled in dark forests.
Mused on Muriel the captive,
Heard the Haunted House-ghosts wailing,
Heard the shell-song of the seashore,
Where, by weird transfiguration,
Rose the wondrous Mirage City.
Saw time's stream from its inception
To eternal disemboguing ;
And the millions on its margin,
By the dim light of doubt's lanterns,
Stumbling into bogs abortive.

Saw the individual also,
Pitiful to see, self-thwarted.
Souls, like citadels of famine,
All besieged about by goodness,
But to aid refusing ingress.
Saw the great red dragon limping
From the field of Armageddon
In the valley of Decision,
Filing his unlimbered legions
But to find them no hereafter;
Saw the vile in that same valley
In a hopper ground as grain is;
Dreamed of plans to Gabriel given
For a new world, full of wonder,
To be governed as this once was
By Jehovah, and by angels;
Therefore thus he came to reason:
If the Muse becomes a worship
Thrilled with images majestic,
Till the soul o'erflows in urging
Others to enjoy and join him,
Why should such be forced to furnish
An apologetic preface?
Must the oriole or robin,
Or the grey wren give a reason
For their songs among the branches?
Reason's not man's loftiest talent.
There are sacred facts for which we
Cannot give the why or wherefore.
If you love not with abiding
Loyal love this wide Dominion's
Fecund lakes and fertile landscapes,

Colored by Apollo's coming,
Soft thro' oriental lintels,
Fresh from nature's mighty Maker;
Or withhold your admiration
Simply that it is not classic
With refinement of expression,
Go; and be thou brief in going.
Never should a bard song-worthy
Harbor any heartless reader.
But if all these things delight you,
If you yield the cup of mercy
To a foe when he is thirsty;
If your spirit thrills benignly
O'er another's exaltation,
Let us join our wills together,
And rejoice in mutual meaning,
With that fellowship of feeling
Which when found is so refreshing.

"Our house of cedar wood was made,
Scored square, tier resting over tier,
Close to a pine and maple glade
Where ran thro' fern a river clear."

"MURIEL."—Page 29.

Muriel.

THO' Fortune gave me ample gold,
Ruby and topaz deftly carved,
I grieve to see the unconsoled,
And poor, who are in spirit starved.
I have built spacious halls for lore,
Where worthy mendicants may learn;
In their dark lantern hearts once more
Some good ambitious hope may burn.
'Twere joy if some were living still
Who went in poverty to rest,
To reimburse each empty till,
And reap the peace of woe redressed.
In other days it came to pass,
My morn of being, scrimply poor;
These marigolds among my grass
More opulent and less obscure.
Low in a glen of flowering boughs,
That sloped toward an early shore,
We had an unpretending house;
Two streams ran punctual near our door.

Like veins that thrill voluptuous charms,
Two streams of azure did adown
A vale of many trees, whose arms
Waved welcome to the vernal morn.
Dawn took to heart that lovely vale,
And evening lingered longest there,
To let the rose its rays inhale,
And perfume all the blushing air.
Around that home of other days,
Whose scanty stores we loved to share,
With one of such alluring ways,
To her is nothing similar.
The lily by her brow is dun,
As for her lips they do disclose
The joy of brooks when June's begun,
The burning glory of the rose.

So mild withal was Muriel;
Her tender phrase and misty eyes
Awoke the sacred miracle
Of love to life, that never dies.
She, when an infant, left by one
Who with Lord Selkirk wended west;
My sole companion from the sun
At rising, to his even rest.
One in all errands, tasks and plays,
And evermore by hill and dell
Heart-hunting; in uncertain ways
We listended for the leader's bell,
In cool, dim avenues of trees
Full of green airs and smell of nard,

The sweet æolian birds, and these
Our only solace and reward.
Sunshine was she in those still hours,
When winter carves the crystal stone,
She was the first to find those flowers
Which grow before the frost is gone.

So passed the years, as lamps aflame
Consume the airy life they live,
Till, burning in my darkness, came
A thirst for lore, to gain and give.

" He'll ever own his wants," averred
A foe whose phrase I chanced to hear ;
" His use by poetry's deferred,
As streams in deserts disappear."
" Is wisdom " Muriel replied,
" Unworthy lest it bring a fee ? "
I feared she would not be my bride,
Well knowing Nature's faults in me.
In many aims I took no part
That gave to other youth delight,
But from dim infancy, my heart
Was blent with something infinite
Of spirit, to my kin unknown,
As is the alienated lot
Of a dark cloud in heaven, alone,
At night when mortals see it not.
Still musing on the mighty throngs
Of mazy azure-sprinkled spheres ;
Man's vague horizon, and their songs
Who triumphed over martyring years.
I dreamed that Beauty was a god
Whose fane would be my heritage,
From flaming cloud to flowery sod,
God's beauty, and the poet's page.
For surely Nature gives the clue
Her voiceless vastness to translate,
As well as grace, and 'tis her due,
No poet ever chose his fate.
And hence his longing after light,
And their's who sought the holy grail
Tho' scorned by Mammon may be right,
Better than never seek, to fail.

There was a millrace where a pool
Paid azure tribute to a flume,
On our reluctant road to school.
The school where dread was taught and gloom,
And sad convulsions of distress
Far more than infancy deserves,
By one who did with fear express
Wisdom's dark wine from wreaking nerves.
Gorges and cliffs we chose to climb,
To hide from him in solitude—
He differed from the Judge sublime
Of Heaven, who called his labour good.

I left, discouraged, Learning's hall,
'Shamed of my ignorance everywhere,
Feeling—and here's the cup of gall—
A crown not mine to ever wear.
But peace is purest born of grief,
As after thunder sunlit blue ;
So did we twain rejoice to leave
His care, and launch our white canoe.
O, purple river rolled away
Thro' songful vistas draped in leaves,
Thou dost contain more memory
Than all to which remembrance cleaves.
Elder and barberry grew there,
Bindweed and honeysuckle flung
A gleam of foliage on the air,
While birds in redolency swung
The breezy censers, soothed in green
Oblation, due to Vesper star ;

All mirrored in a moving sheen
Of stillness, beaming cinnabar
From far off hills in purple haze;
A fir-tree sighed, to-day, adieu,
Lifting his arms, as one who prays
Lost in some visionary view.
While Muriel of gentle heart
Was moved as when faint zephyrs fan
A wild rose sighing: O, for art
To paint the picture of this glen.

Yet, we this vivid vale resigned,
Because too near a nameless ill;
My parents' purpose grew to find
A home in forests deeper still.
We said farewell, and from the scene,
While yet September days were warm,
All entered aisles of crimson green,
Forth to a solitary farm.

Remembrance wanders o'er it now,
The richness of that Autumn road,
Fringed with wild herbage, brier and bough
Bent low beneath their luscious load.
The sunshine of that fruitage glowed
As if the gods were raining wine,
Till all the pools like bowls o'erflowed
With scarlet juices of the vine.
We crossed on logs of emerald moss
A stream but half revealed, for leaves
Of vermil veiled its bluish gloss,
As clouds the stream of time at eves.

And so our spirits grew a part
  Of nature, like a river rolled
Deep thro' the solitary heart
  Of a great wilderness of gold.

Our house of cedar wood was made,
  Scored square, tier resting over tier,
Close to a pine and maple glade
  Where ran thro' fern a river clear.

'Twas Autumn when we reached our rest;
  But soon fell Winter in that wood
Came like an uninvited guest,
  To chill and hamper and obtrude.
And troubled times, and fever flames
  Our lowly circle suffered then.
Death also levied mystic claims
  And took to him the best of men,
And he a brother; large was he;
  A god with strong and tender eyes.
He now beholds the mystery
  Of all the wonder Death implies
When hopes before his frown desist,
  As blossoms frail in frost aswoon,
Or stars by hurricanes dismissed
  From lofty audience of the moon.
Then headlong Thor with stormy spume
  Besieged and scowled away the sky:
A raven sloped his sable plume,
  He swung himself aloof on high
Among the clouds that whirled, as dust
  Upraised by feet of gloomy gods,

In shape so terrible our trust
Fell trembling, as a forest nods,
While Fate's moor'd storm grew dark in Heaven.
Then moonless winds began to blow,
Then, from tumultuous anchorage riven,
Earthward euroclydons of woe
Assailed our world; and all the wood
Wailed like a wild beast in a snare
Who sees the trapper come for blood,
With hail of deadly bruise; and blare
Of lightning from its sounding sheath
Made ground the arms of many a tree;
And leagues of winter swayed beneath
Night's carnival of mystery.
Thus tempests magnified the frown
Of sorrow, and subdued the brave:
As few were near to aid, alone
We laid him in his frosty grave.
Where snow plumes drifting from the plain
Filled th' unfathomed vales replete;
Encrusted o'er with icy rain,
A fair but fearful winding sheet.

Then rose a sunburst from the east,
And lo, the wonder carved in shade;
Those gothic groves by ice increased
A glory out of gloom displayed.
The trees that melancholy time
Wore wreaths of jewels, every stem
Shone redly, flashing ruby rime;
The eyes could scarcely gather them,

When morn unveiled the statue Peace.
That storms had quarried out of night,
Like the dead loveliness of Greece,
The marbled majesty of light.

In windy March we hied away
For sugar-making in a dell,
Lodged in deep forests night and day,
To brew the sap ambrosial.

There stood a bee-tree in that bush,
Of nectar lush its caverns full;
We lulled its hive with smoke of brush,
Then felled the ancient citadel.
A lofty sterile hollow pine,
Deep through, and knotty as the law,
Discovered by a judgment line
Which honey-hunters know to draw
By poising in an ashen scup
The sweets our maple trees supply,
From which those toilers, when they sup,
Are followed as they hiveward fly.

Hearing any tank of iron
Clash to its resounding bail
Lures me where the woods environ
An old wigwam near a swale.
By those midnight cauldrons watching
Hear the wise owl from his limb
Reprimanding us for fetching
Daylight premature to him.

There he often flew to listen,
Sagely turned his head to see
Flames and fuming vapor glisten,
And to hoot us from his tree.
Who comes, Muriel, softly yonder?
Who like vapor from our vat?
Sago, Indian; where dost wander?
Sago, welcome, smoke and chat.
Steered by stars, the coween's pinions
Soar above night's cloudy coast,
Migrating to warm dominions
From the funeral of frost.
When the shade grew still the tinkle
Of slow dropping sap is heard;
Then the stars forget to twinkle,
Lulled to rest by many a bird.
And our joy was when sweet Phœbe
Hailed the streaky eastern light,
When red dawning on our leeway
Hastened slow departing night.

At last the liberated trees
Waved welcome buds in April air;
The basswood was assailed by bees
Loading their sacks with yellow ware.

We cleared from wood a space for maize,
Which loves a sun of ardent glance,
By burning, and the nightly blaze
Illumed the leafy elegance.
It also pleased us to behold
The long anticipated birds,

As each his former haunt extolled
With gratitude too great for words.
Yet hope proved recreant each dull year,
Tho' wooed with persevering toil;
Just when success drew slowly near
Fate snared it in some adverse coil.
My manful father bearing wrongs
Serene, considerate and kind,
Oft aptly quoted Burns' songs,
And Milton, to improve the mind.

'Tis well for city bards I ween
To lilt of corn and clover hay;
Green swaths like waves on seas of green;
Its different toiling day by day
'Neath August sunbeams hailing dire,
As if their rage were personal;
Heart-weary, with the tender fire
Of love unmentioned, lest it fail.
Nor could we conjure how to spare
The scanty aid I freely gave;
Still the great longing grew to share
Their lot, whose souls in learning lave.
For they who drink from wisdom's cup,
However scant of earthly store,
Are sure, when trouble rises up,
To find an anchorage and shore.

Anon I learned, in Fortune's chase,
A way to better our estate;
And Muriel to fill my place—
We parted sadly, but elate.

A willing slave with elbows bare,
  While toiling having heart to sing;
The tear-drops on her lashes were
  Like dewlit violets in spring.
Ah, tho' I feared my preference vain,
  Thy blushes told the secret well;
Thou, too, didst wear the sacred chain,
  My acquiescent Muriel.
Thy glance went kindling thro' my heart,
  Like lightning thro' a darkened cloud;
Our mutual spirits loth to part
  As a twin rose by breezes bowed.
I've heard sad songs on tragic themes,
  Seen painted passion and strange woes,
Also had visions, and dreamed dreams—
  Our parting sadder was than those.

Not far from home there is a hill
  O'er-garlanded with larches green;
With vague presentiments of ill
  Back-gazing on the exiled scene,
Alone I lingered there an hour,
  All self-forgetful, yet aware
Of something like immortal power
  Of angels very near; for there
A strange bird sang of mournful tone,
  As if for peace forever past
Into æolian sadness, prone
  To sigh for love that did not last.
And others answered, but no song
  Of any was so sweet; how clear

The gurgling waters glowed among
The smell of smiling atmosphere
That out of budding herbs exhales,
Diffusive over wavy air ;
And whisperings of gentle gales
Rose in perpetual anthems there ;
While morn evoked the flowery vale
To ecstacy of dewy tears ;
Devising myrrh for memory's trail
By which to follow up those years.

Far from those echoes of farewell
I took my solitary way ;
My solitude was Muriel,
" The morning star of memory."

I made me friends in mammon's store
Whose merchants sail thro' eastern fire ;
I lived for gain, in love with lore ;
So duty learns to shun desire
By stern necessity constrained.
But in time's progress gold was mine ;
I vowed this, honestly obtained,
Shall by my father's hearthstone shine.

A missive reached me after years
Of alternating hope and dread,
Solicitous and blurred with tears
For Muriel beloved ; it said :
Near to our home a stranger dwelt
Who craved my chosen, but not me ;

His preference by her was felt
As east wind to a budding tree.
He treacherously gave a bribe,
Because she to his suit said nay,
Conniving with a vagrant tribe
To steal her when alone away.
What now the gold that I had gained
With all its application gone?
Its promise of fruition feigned
Had to those breakers lured me on,
Where expectation's rainbow beam
Was quickly blackened, as a brand
Dropped in annihilation's stream
From disappointment's weary hand.
Just on the eve of gaining shore
The tide swept outward into gloom;
And every wave the dirge "No more,"
Beat 'gainst the isles of peace like doom.
As fares a spirit caught from thrall
To heaven, to hear the music wail,
And see the glory through the wall,
Then straightway hurtled back to bale.
So from the field of Waterloo
Napoleon saw his sun go down;
He saw it as he bade adieu
To empire, battle-field and crown.

There were three stories in that store,
An awful depth of stream below!
One plunge—and rest forever more—
But it seemed cowardly to go.

In this great empire where we dwell,
  England's and mine, shall I not stay,
Coeval, whether ill or well,
  With Muriel, night or destiny?
O Night, thou vast obsidian glass,
  Where spirits see the infinite
Of more than space, thy reign shall pass.
  Thou art not everlasting, Night.
High up in heaven the stars agleam
  Remonstrate 'gainst life's short despair;
Are they not anchored in thy stream,
  O Peace! forever anchored there?
Then thou, O Hesper, hear my prayer;
  Guide me to one in bondage drear;
Thou art the friend of all things fair,
  Thou hast seen Muriel, therefore hear.
She was the first to view thy grace
  Come forth before the day had gone,
When all thy subjects took their place
  At reverend distance one by one.
Rapt in her violet eyes thy rays
  Fell soft as over sleepy flowers,
What time all pensive nature pays
  Mute orisons to unseen powers.
Who, save thyself, was near when she
  Laved in her lucid pool alone?
Each drop inspired and blest to be
  On her ambrosial bosom shone.
A starlit statue sprinkled o'er
  With rippling diamonds, rendered fine
And pure by her new soul, which wore
  Its beauty luminous like thine.

Her form is marvellous, profuse
  As that which love did o'er-inform,
When the white statue of the muse
  Was worshipped into being warm.
As if a spirit exquisite
  Of parian Venus took control,
And blushed it into life and light
  With fervid ecstacy of soul.
And, as it were a font of wine,
  Dazed by the beauty where it fell,
So gently fell those tresses fine
  O'er loveliness ineffable.
I do but dimly note each charm,
  Dear Venus, that thou mayst avert
From my especial love the harm
  Which wrought thine early worship hurt?
And if, as culds of old averred,
  'Tis in thy sphere to ban or bless,
Be thou benign to one preferred
  Who wanders in a wilderness.
Should this seem trivial to thee,
  Lone pilgrim o'er the azure plain,
Remember Muriel and me,
  By thine own passion and thy pain.

Men are more wise concerning woe
  Than peace, for pain's the common lot;
What most we need, and best to know,
  By trouble's information's bought.
The very Sabbath days of some
  Are overlapped with weekly care,

As isles once green, when surges boom,
  Submerged, surrounded everywhere.
So, taught by ill, one kindly told
  Of a dark embassy employed
To join a far off sunset fold—
  I vowed to make their mission void,
And claim her; for true hearts defy,
  Tho' rived, the fates, and baffle ill,
As stars that set, or flowers that die,
  Still live in light, in perfume still.
Meantime mine eyes did thirst to drink
  The gaze of those at home forlorn;
Naught could they do but pray and think
  Of Muriel's ministration shorn.
Remembrance of her beauty lost
  Came back to haunt my heart again,
As ghosts of flowers that die of frost
  Appear upon a window pane.

Once more upon the homeward hill
  Thronged with such memories as melt
The heart, as flowers may feel a rill;
  And there the prescient presence felt
Whereof that bird of plumage white,
  So plaintive formerly thereby,
Did sing, as if it felt the night
  Of nameless evil, brooding nigh.

Yet hope on reaching home arose
  To clasp the hands again, and share
The eyes that looked thro' years of those
  Who tried to make a friend of care,

By kindness, urging speedy quest—
  Advising not a tardy stay—
O, wistful look of age, my breast
  Will carry longer than its clay!
I left them gold and ample aid,
  Not having knowledge of return:
'Tis more than opulence, they said,
  With outward smiles that inly mourn.

It were not wise, for too sad words
  Would be required to paint the same,
How like a wounded deer from herds
  That wanders far,—At length I came
Forth where Superior's inky surge
  Spumes thro' large gorges, scattering froth;
By love persuaded, on I urge
  The leagues of lake and gloomy goth.
Past sterile cliffs of pictured stone,
  Tanned like the crag where chained in cold
Prometheus hung in pain alone,
  For teaching what is still untold.
Anon beyond a rocky bound,
  A smoke of lodges streaked the air;
And following that trail, I found
  Pale Muriel apart at prayer.
My heart was as an airless leaf
  With great humility of joy,
Tranced by her invocation brief,
  To hear her voice my name employ.
O, tender meeting! every spray
  Was mute with reverence elate—

May all be answered thus who pray,
Such ecstacy to celebrate.

They had dealt courteously by her,
And graciously saluted me.
As for our freedom, their demur
Admonished it was not to be.
We knew the way of that wild band:
Experience bade me bide my time:
Meanwhile to travel regions grand
In red October is sublime.
And thoughtfully they formed for us
A separate but ample tent,
Of flexile moose, impervious
To every varying element.
They fashioned boats from bark of birch,
Shaped trim to cedarn sterns and bows,
Ash ribbed, and caulked with piney smirch,
And took the wavey way in those,
Among lagoons that seemed of air,
Reflecting Hesper from afar—
O, trusty herald beaming fair,
And bathed in liquid cinnabar!

Behold us now upon the tide
Of sable waves, a sable throng
Westerly trending, not to glide
Far seawise, when the winds were strong.
On land by night, and on the wave
When morning lit the urgent east:
Some lilting legends of the brave
In battle fierce or hunting feast.

Some did to sacrifice consign
A pale dog on a flaming pyre,
With moose-thongs bound to burning pine,
Their slaughter-god of help to hire.
Some reckless kindled prairies dry,
Wherefrom the frightened bison shrank
Back where is water, but to die
In blood and flame; in vain they drank.
Majestical and marvelous
That forest's fearful holocaust;
For upward into night arose,
The fierce gesticulating host;
Baptizing darkness into day,
A hyphen linking eve to dawn;
And all the clouds were in array
Like fleets aflame on seas unknown.
The bold shores black with orey ooze,
Austere, gigantic and grotesque,
With agate caves concealing those
Dark souls, who sought Cimmerian dusk.
And when Diana's breath of white
Blent softly over ledge and lake,
Thro' reeling shoals of flaky light
We followed in her western wake.

There was much time for thought, these men
Being silent in an alien land;
With strange surroundings wakened then
Mute wonder of their causes grand;
And of the life we led; its state
I know not yet, if good or ill:

Reason is narrow, and our fate
Is often in another's will.
Some questions of the world arose,
Made pensive by impending night;
Why death-bent men to men are foes,
And foemen to the Lord of Light.
Why this dark race must pass away
By dim oblivion subdued,
As sullen night pursues the day,
From solitude to solitude.
Is there no difference to the Lord
Between a tribe of bees or ants,
And tribes of men to naught restored,
With all their souls' eternal wants?
Perchance all men are left to fail
Who know not of their Master's will,
Perchance no nation can prevail
Who worships God with savage skill?
We mused on themes not understood,
Of some by sorrow rendered pure,
Whilst nations purchase peace in blood—
Sin, and its origin obscure.
Haply all these are dim to show
That faith begins where knowledge ends?
We also spake, in accents low,
Of deathless love and distant friends.
And Muriel mused upon her past,
Made captive when alone she strayed,
Expecting every eve her last,
Yet of her very fears afraid.
Because they reverence faith, she said,
From fear I kept my forehead white;

And helped the women, weaving braid
On doeskin moccasins at night.
At length you came—ah joy! they knew
The reason of thy coming so:
And now, beloved, the skies are blue,
Whatever way the storms may blow.

'Twere long to hear and vague to tell
Our journey—vaguer than a dream,
Until the Roman Mission bell
Resounded o'er their scarlet stream.
This dusky delegation sent
From Huron to St. Boniface,
Had welcome, rich with resting blent,
From brethren of the House of Grace.
A feast there was of fragrant bread,
Fruit, and the fish of speckled shine;
Delicious drink from Autumn bled,
The immaterial amber wine.
Of fowl whose haunts the natives knew,
And sable berries large of girth:
With venison steak and herbous stew,
From lands unharvested, far north.

Then came a father, toga-stoled,
And gave us to each other; gay
Those bells from ancient turrets told
The tidings of our nuptial day.
There was a patient in that house
Who craved to see us ere he died;
And, lo, this man is known of us,
The recreant guardian of my bride!

Raving in feverous unrest,
And by remorseful spectres stung,
Some wicked shape his soul distressed
Sharp as dead thorns in roses young.

THE PATIENT'S SONG.

"She came when my spirit was glowing
For some thing celestial to woo;
So I went to my ruin, not knowing;
Alas, 'twas too late when I knew
Sin's pathway thro' vistas of roses,
Where sylvan-lush rivulets roll,
Allures by love's chanson whose close is
Ah, what shall I do with my soul?
What good art thou, gold, to the dying,
What profit hath folly, or hath
Crime peace in the wilderness flying,
Or rest in the shadow of death?
Unto wrong is a recompense granted,
Or who has a right to control
A conscience disheartened and haunted?
O, what shall I do with my soul?"

A little ere his last repose
He asked for vespers, slow of breath;
They sang of Calvary, and His woes
Who made His cross a bridge o'er death.

"When Jesus, deserted
By sinners, was slain,
His sacrifice parted
The curtain in twain,

So all who would merit
A purified heart,
Must suffer his spirit
From evil to part.

"No seraphim glowing
In bliss by the throne,
Was worthy of showing
The way He has shown :
O sacred Example
Be with us again,
And aid us to trample
The winepress of pain.

"His angels are filling
With sacrament wine,
The soul that is willing
Itself to resign.
So help us, O Giver
Of all we should win,
To sever forever
The spirit from sin."

Aware he soon would be the guest
Of those who dwell in saintly lands,
First to a father he confessed,
Then placed a casket in our hands.
A casket huge in Muriel's hands,
His trust to her from over sea ;
'Twas oak, and on its silver bands
The monogram engraved M. D.
Her name, the dying said, was Doane,
The scion of a royal line ;

The last, the loveliest, alone,
Except for me, and she is mine.
Ah, what an Ophir it contained,
What goodly proof, and golden gems,
Ruby and jacinth richly stained,
And topaz fit for diadems.
A pearly necklace for a neck
That did not need such charms as those,
By option of a foil or fleck,
As beauty best by contrast shows.
The lovely heir to large estates,
Parks and stone halls in Albyn eld,
Whereof a codicil relates
My lineage was also held :
Which learning lured me to retrace
My ancient Highland pedigree ;
And, lo, a fortune for our race,
From one who sleeps by Hoogla's sea.
Thus fortune gave me ample gold,
A bride and parents living, yea,
Are we not happy now ? behold
Their heads but not their hearts are grey.
They own a mansion near a shore,
Its lintels lush with many a vine ;
Stringed instruments, and tomes of lore
By time enriched with wisdom's wine.
By waters still where heavens depend
They wander now, while the past road,
By care eclipsed, but keeps in mind
The holy boldness of their God.

"The cricket sings his dirges unmolested
Where lissome dancers held soft revelry,
The oxen of their yokes have been divested,
And all the harvesters are gone away."

"THE HAUNTED HOUSE."—Page 51.

The Haunted House

On one of the Thousand Islands.

" A jolly place in times of old,
But something ails it now."

" O'er glimmering fields of moonlit dews,
In vesture of the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer a shade."

MY pathway led me to an ancient mansion,
Deserted, wherefore few remain to tell—
A river-bounds the valley's green expansion
Of loveliness, yet sorrow here did dwell.

A sombre pile by all save years forsaken ;
And like sad eyes reflecting on their day
The panes look when at eve the blinds are shaken
With sounds that warn the wanderer away.

'Twas built on tiers of stone in upward ranges,
Embrowned and battered by the blasts of old:
Seeming to muse upon the many changes
Within itself, where owls their pinions fold.

A tower for observation and a study
One wing contained which westerly surveyed
A landscape of lush verdure, dun and ruddy,
By forests fringed and flecked by trailing shade.

Time kindly gilds with moss the ruined walling
Of stones that propped ambition's lichened name:
From flowers of promised fruit the leaves are falling,
As falls the snuff from tapers once aflame.

Where is the tuberose gone? the rose was given
An eager sign of more than words dare own:
The rose is memory's angel, and its heaven
Is in a poet's heart, and there alone.

Such flowers as fond ones gave when in yon garden
They roved in love's young glory 'neath its star,
Are orphan flowers of weeds which now no warden
Awakes to blame, for their sole neighbors are,

A pair of antlers o'er an archway standing,
A bower for rest when even lights the lea,
A boat half sunken near its reedy landing,
A rusty scythe upon an apple tree.

With this worn scythe some vanished hand did sever
The purple clover from the field of green:
Another reaper gave him rest for ever,
And many summers o'er his bed have been.

Perchance he deemed himself an inspiration,
Prophetic of why empires rise and fall ;
Perchance his science warred with revelation,
Or learning lured him to her lofty hall.

Ere thro' those avenues of leafy lustres,
With fruit-stained fingers came a maiden rare,
In love with Indian Summer's amber clusters
As an excuse for meeting with him there.

For on a beech half wasted in the weather
Two names are carved by some enamored youth,
Sharing the while he fashioned them together
A dream of endless tenderness and truth.

Or having—who has not ? dismissed for duty
This idol and its glory with a sigh,
Oft mused upon eve's evanescent beauty,
Hope's symbol, fading in a lurid sky.

The cricket sings his dirges unmolested
Where lissome dancers held soft revelry,
The oxen of their yokes have been divested,
And all the harvesters are gone away.

Yet they have left the long unused utensils
Against the gate just where the work was done :
'Tis thus the peasant's plow, the painter's pencils,
The actors' robe survive the fame they won.

With harvest home this hall was often lighted,
Dancing and music ; and the ample board
Made Autumn cheerful ; travellers benighted
Found welcome here and went away restored.

Now mournful winds among abandoned chambers
Resound the anthem of departed days,
Whose nights have come like soot upon the embers
By the old hearth which nevermore shall blaze.

The dancers are dispersed, the music ended,
The laughter silent and the lovers gone,
With their sweet schemes on which so much depended,
And we are following after, one by one.

Yea we are following, smiling as we suffer,
Taking an active part in our own pain;
While every hour the rising tide grows rougher,
We fondly hope next day ill lull the main.

We still the craving cry of the heart's famine,
We hush the hurricane whose wreck is years;
We hide the corpse that pains us to examine,
We close the tomb on hope; its empty biers

Move on like phantom clouds across life's azure,
Above each dimpled vale and blue-reined glade;
They baffle all our art to seize or measure
Their mournful depths of loveliness and shade.

First they are tinted with the hues of heaven,
But like our hopes their transient tints decay;
As we o'er life, they o'er the earth are driven,
Our prospects die their lustres pass away.

Leaving remembrance like a raven sitting
High on a dying yew-tree's loftiest limb,
Whose withered leaves before the tempest flitting
Bestrew the graves whereon our eyes grow dim.

For who of all predestined to inherit
Life's dreamy dower did ever yet obtain
The peace, the holy longing of the spirit,
Or even partly conquer human pain.

Ah, well! in every life some shadow lingers,
And long ere Death can raise his hand to count
Our blasted years upon his bony fingers,
Hope's golden bowl lies broken at the fount.

Tho' swift and sure our early aims expire,
As if 'twere Fate's first purpose to destroy,
It may be by such crushings we acquire
The wine of wisdom which comes not thro' joy.

So time to all reveals the painful story,
As farewell suns evolve seraphic hues;
From nights of frost the forest gathers glory,
A glory that the suns to May refuse.

To make life affluent like summer's ending,
Whose vales voluptuous dreamily repose
In ever-varying redolency blending,
The year's tiara, lo, the world's one rose,

An oriflamme, a crown for Fall's accession,
To his pied throne whereon Apollo, lord
Of light, and lawful heir to June's possession
With surplus lustres lavishly outpoured,

Has made the ivied solitude pathetic
Of this old mansion, crumbling stone by stone,
By flaunting gay festoons from base to attic—
Vain rite! for o'er the ruin time rolls on

His swirling years with autumn colors crested,
Where flotsam hopes bestrew Death's phantom shore,
While Pride pales gazing on the ghost-infested
Mysterious wharf by mortals called " No more."

O carnival of color, stay forever ;
This dreamy Beulah let thy dwelling be ;
Begin the reign of peace ; O could that river
That wafts all other things away, leave thee

To beautify bereavement : Gentle Spirit !
Make those red leafy lintels yet again
The old passover ; lo, we would inherit
That land our fathers forfeited ; we fain

Would join yon cloud-like host that now are nearing
Eve's hallowed gateway of enraptured rays ;
Harken the far-off bells of Zion cheering
Those angels lost in worship back to praise ;

Their very robes inspired by keen reflection
From beatific fanes and from the streams
That sanctify the City of Perfection,
With lavishment of sacradotal gleams.

They half translate the earth to heaven, beholding
The host seraphically hymned away
Thro' doors of destiny divine, infolding
The awful twilight of eternity

Beyond the distance of time's westward river,
Up to God's house, forever past recall,
Where death has darts no more ; but from his quiver
Lets sunless light, like Eden's foliage, fall

On the winged hues at invocation; burning
Entrancing chansons over pulsing air,
As from a harp unseen whose holiest yearning
Is hushed because the harper is at prayer.

Spirit of dreams ineffable, becoming
Discursive, let us back into the trail;
The vagrant Fancy is forever humming
From theme to theme, as bees on flowers regale.

There came a man, the burden of a ballad,
A noble from the sea-born Hebrides,
Lord of this haunted pile where spirits pallid
And necromancy dwell in mysteries.

The tale is told that in this mansion ghostly
He communed deep on deeds by seers foretold;
And that he spent his lonely leisure mostly
On music and the mighty bards of old.

He was of those who bear for the transgression
Of former generations a dark fate,
Wherefore would force his child to the suppression
Of love lest she their doom disseminate.

She was an only daughter, sings tradition,
All beautiful as poet's favorites are,
And gifted with the loveliest disposition
That ever mused beneath an evening star.

Her star that is the Alpha in Leoni,
Tho' far eclipsed and wan, was shining still
Over Viola, from her fond Zanoni,
Severed awhile by fate's all-severing will.

Ah, she was fair and full of mute reflection,
The skies have scarce produced a purer love
Than heaved her snowy bosom's warm perfection,
Filled her large eyes or urged her feet to rove.

Her cheeks were like the light thro' rose leaves sifted,
A Grecian face with hyacinthine hair;
But O, her eyes, e'en Raphael, the gifted,
Would fail to fix the feeling living there,

So full of sad far hope, as if foreseeing,
Celestial charms where common minds see woe;
An artist, loving every link of being
From the gnat's wing to the mild comet's glow.

Her paintings were of pools when skies are golden,
A paraphrase of heaven, the floral throng;
She sang quaint ballads made by minstrels olden,
And could at times indite a hopeful song.

VIOLA'S SONG.

"An aura hovers over
The early blooming thorn,
The freshness of white clover,
The fragrant silk of corn.
Will strange leaves come and cover
The trees when these are gone?
Or for an absent lover
Will coming time atone?

"My heart, like Ruth, is gleaning
Hope's fallen grain; and see,
Night shades reveal the sheening
Of stars from dawn that flee.

So distance intervening
Between my love and me,
May have like thorns a meaning,
Of roses yet to be.

"We dwell 'neath alien skies, love,
And yet, so near at heart,
I hear thy fond replies, love,
When asking where thou art.
Thy lips are on my eyes, love,
Thy kisses in my heart,
Our parting was unwise, love,
Ah, wherefore did we part?"

How like a woman to sing thus, receiving
Solace from thorns when roses fade away;
Her constancy in desolation cleaving
Firmly to care, like vines around decay.

O woman, thou art blamed for being blameless,
Thy love is mercy's answer to man's prayer;
But, Calumny, thy verdicts are so shameless,
That Honor aches to ban thee, and to war

On Slander, Malice and on Supposition,
The trinity of misconception, who
Steal peace and stab with poison on commission
To mar the purity they never knew.

But interfering with a maid's affection,
Save to advise, is not of much avail;
They set their faces in their heart's direction
Tho' Death stands at the door and points to bale.

And thus it is the melancholy muses
So deeply sympathize when true hearts meet;
They seize the harp in praise of lover's ruses,
Aware that all save pain is incomplete.

So she sought out alone those mute attractions
That balsam pensive souls by bush and shore;
Where conscience seize's life's minute transactions
And daily promises to sin no more—

Not that she sinned, but it is beneficial
To meditate betimes and muse alone;
Men's fanes are moral when not prejudicial,
But solitude is nearer the unknown.

Yet, tho' grand minds from holy wilds inherit
The primogeniture of Nature, still
In every human heart and singing spirit
It leaves a void some loftier love must fill:

Which teaches that the atheist, contending
'Gainst healing faith, has strewn vain whims abroad,
Forgetful that we're all forever blending
Unfathomed facts of nature and of God.

Tho' reason, with the amplest information
Earth gives, can scarcely prove what is to be
Beyond the awful verge of revelation,
Which faith thro' Death will shortly let us see.

Whereas creation's alien, Doubt, is drifting
Dark thro' unharbored seas, tho' well he knows
Sin-tempted storms come suddenly, uplifting
His barque, to dash it where no beacon glows.

So doubt divorced these three, and, having parted,
Dispersed them diverse ways to banishment;
While Pride smiled on, as if no hope were thwarted,
In exile from the heart; the heart which sent

Viola roving by this moving river,
Having few friends, and those illiterate;
And there she met with him from whom to sever
In other days, made life disconsolate.

'Twas in that season when the vales are vernal,
A gentle rain had left the evening skies
As lovely as the vestibule eternal,
The pearly entrance into Paradise.

Some opal vapors floating in empyrean,
Like shuttles fleet, imparted colors soft
That made more beautiful the water tyrian,
With Dian's duplication from aloft

Anchored in light among the isles enchanted,
As gardens hung in Babel ere its doom:
Large water-lilies by the Lord transplanted,
All fresh from Life's one stream in Eden's bloom,

Whose wavy avenues those lovers wended,
Mute with the majesty by Nature made—
Ah, from such scenes, when all save memory's ended,
Love can see sunshine in the midst of shade.

O sacred meeting by the moon-lit water!
With arms athrill each near the other drew;
Great joy was his from whom her sire had brought her
To find once more his early love and true.

O early god of gladness and of roses !
For thee unpaid men dare all deeds of pain :
Fools call thee frenzy, but thine urn incloses
Their dust, whose lives, if happy, had been vain.

O fiends may weep if e'er they fall to thinking
Of all we might be, and of what we are ;
Instead of soaring, we are suffering, sinking,
Caught up in passion's whirlwind—drifted far

O'er pathways paved with gods that once were idols,
And hopes dethroned that had been death to win,
When guilt's wild cohorts, scorning wisdom's bridles,
Bound madly o'er the wilderness of sin ;

Urged by a fierce desire to rend asunder
The inward agony from outward show ;
It costs a life to rectify each blunder,
Hence we excel in little else than woe.

For who believes the livery alluring
That love assumes is oft a snare ? ah, who
Like him wears robes too bright for earth's obscuring,
Whose rended garments are forever new ?

Yet, heavenly orphan, born but to be thwarted,
Burn not thy sacred myrrh on Folly's shrine,
For tho' by pain or destiny distorted,
All that the earth has left of heaven is thine ;

Then, as a brook, its margin undermining,
Which lets the landfall dam it from the main,
Delay shall lift thee up to be a shining
Mirror of morn from a far loftier plain.

So she departed with her loyal chosen
In spirit yearning both to stay and leave,
So hard it is to have the feelings frozen
Between two foes to both of whom we cleave.

A farewell token on an arbor table
She left her father; strange forebodings came
On him observing it; at first unable
To break the seal; who has not felt the same

Unseen arrest? as if a ghost should sally
From graves unlanterned by a moon, remote?
'Tis not unusual for the heart to dally
With destiny enveloped in a note:

"Thy loving presence must I leave,
As Dian leaves the day?
The stars at her departure grieve;
Be not more stern than they.
O that those parting times were o'er,
And thou at rest with me,
The future has no joy in store,
Dear one, like meeting thee.

"If in a river shines a star,
A lone and lovely flame,
Tho' clouds obscure they do not mar,
Nor is the stream to blame;
So may my hope, tho' dimmed awhile
By duty's cloudy train,
Rejoice to find misfortune smile
Like roses after rain.

"There is a light about a rose
Which only love can see,
O let me feel thy mercy shows
My spirit thus to thee:
But if thy soul should still oppose
The hope I fail to tell,
It will be as a vine where grows
Remembrance, O farewell."

Dazed he perused this last of love, her token;
He had been hurt by destiny before,
As an aged tree by lightning lately broken
Reveals an ancient scar within its core.

Days and dim nights elapsed of forest travel
Before they reached their lowly island home;
Time rolling on as usual to unravel
Joy's few frail threads from grief's eternal loom.

So years turned yore unpardoned; for position
Makes many a parent mar their favorite's fate.
And when the slim Viola gained permission
To find her father 'twas, alas, too late.

Gone was he, gone the father, and her lover,
When she returned; all, save her ghost, are gone:
That sometimes comes, the grave to murmur over
Of the unfriendly father and the son.

Her cheeks are moist, like dew upon a lily,
With introspective tears; love's innate debt;
Her small white feet are oft in dewbeams chilly,
Waiting the resurrection of regret.

In such thin robes is she ; a hazy fusing
Of wavy vapor wove, her spirit's light :
She wakes the thought, in love with her wan musing,
If it be wrong to woo a wedded sprite ?

For 'tis averred her vagrant ghost has haunted
This house for years, its only owner now ;
And many men have heard, at midnight chanted,
Most plaintive songs, and mournful, uttered low.

'Tis told, by sceptics, that the sound increases
When rude winds rub the branches of a tree
Against the gables ; such a foolish thesis
Has no foundation, ghosts the neighbors see.

There's fascination in an eerie story ;
We own the banshee kin by turning pale :
'Tis awful to receive a guest from glory,
A friend beloved, it may be, out of bale.

When stalwart pines into the storm extending,
Bow down as with a tribute to the dead,
A pall of fragrant fronds with yellow blending
Above the roses that were lately red.

And Autumn winds are weird as if bewailing
That they have left the landscape desolate ;
But their regret, like ours, is vain as hailing
A sunken ship ; that which is past is fate.

The tale is told; like Fall the dream is fading
Where the unfinished future's restless surge
Lures on the days, those ships of spectral lading,
Whence song and bard may nevermore emerge.

I often wander at the twilight hour
Near yon dim nook but never stay at night,
They may not care to meet me in that bower,
I therefore leave thro' reverence, not fright.

'Tis gloaming now, the sun quits heaven's expansion,
Uncertain shades move eerie down the dell—
A pre-engagement urges my attention,
So, for a little season, fare thee well.

Niagara Falls.

Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.

—*Byron.*

Ages ere mortal eye beheld thy glory,
Thy flood made music to the listening stars,
And angels paused in wonder as they passed.

—*Rev. E. H. Dewart, D D.*

COMPANION of Jehovah hadst thou been,
Had Nature brought thee forth in Palestine,
By Lebanon's large cedars—where the Queen
Of Sheba's incense burned on the same shrine
As Solomon's whose Temple was divine—
And added glory to Jerusalem.
But we have need of thee: men still incline
To sell God's fanes—thy billows baffle them,
Making the clouds of heaven thy glorious diadem.

To the old world was given a symbol bow,
But unto us a more majestic gift,
A cataract of thunder-storms, to flow
Forever and forever; strong to lift
A dirge above destruction; surging swift
Thro' clouds that drape its glory's unrevealed
Sublimity like Horeb: here may drift
Time's immemorial millions, but the shield
Of solitude remains, a Deity concealed.

There was a time when not one ray of light
Illumed the awful firmament of old,
Æons of days ere man, Creation's night.
Ere Earth from her red furnaces extolled
Heat-heaving hills to heaven sublime, or rolled
Huge Amazons in darkness to the sea
Thro' channels ploughed by icebergs; then, behold,
Sol break his clouds; Behemoth was, and he,
Lord of a world of light, he came and looked on thee.

Being unworthy of his first estate,
So reads the record that we still believe,
Therefore an angel thrust him from the gate
Of Paradise in poverty to grieve,
Until a greater came, whom to receive
Is all this world can know of excellence—
Excepting Nature's teachings; these retrieve
The many ills imposed on us by sense,
Evils which baffle here and goad the spirit hence.

Because we stray too long from Nature's calling,
Instead of bread too long bequeath a stone
To our own starving spirit, bowed in galling
Fardels of agony by sin clasped on.
None other of creation works, not one,
So adverse to its good: life's wine and corn
Bartered to Mammon who would tax the sun,
Aye, place a toll-bar at the gate of morn,
For the assassin self, whose epitaph is scorn.

But here 'twixt cedar cliffs and ledges bold
These sinless waters gloriously steer,
Proud of their cause as were the martyrs old,
Impatient for the final plunge; for here
Some fascinating spirit drowns the fear
Which nature feels in danger, therefore come
The swift transfiguration to revere
With overpowering worship; here make room
Deep in the soul for themes that dignify our doom.

Here time is never still; ages to ages
Call forth the chronicles which they have made
Immutable upon these rocky pages,
God's hieroglyphs unto his seers displayed
Thro' eighteen hundred years of hopes delayed.
Yet Nature's unpaid priesthood cries aloud
Directly from its maker, undismayed
By all the creeds that cramp, or vespers vowed,
That she was never made to be to error bowed.

But they are bards of false humility
Who deem thee greater than mankind; not so:
There is another verdict: it may be
Degeneracy humbles us, and woe;
Still, nor thy sounding deep nor upward flow
Can ever equal David's harp that calls
Man's bondage to God's liberty; and lo,
We challenge thee with Shakespear's lore and Paul's;
Nay, Burns and Bunyan likewise over-par thee, Falls.

Like stars old empires fade, or as seaweed
Drifting away; but here stern Time delays
Engrossed by mutability of speed,
Waving his gonfalon of gorgeous rays
Over the ever-thundering volume's sprays,
After its plunge abysmal, like a new
Shekinah, luring men from desert ways
Of doubt and troubled worship to the true;
Open thy gates, O Time, and Israel reconstrue.

When Satan showed the kingdoms of the world,
And all their glory to the Son of God,
Wert thou among the number that was whirled
As in a panorama vast and broad,
Our Lord's ambition tempting? those He trod
Like to a vat whose lees are human thrones.
'Twere ill for us if God had gone the road
Which Judah wished 'gainst Rome and Gentile zones
Instead of doing good, repaid by Calvary's groans,

Now o'er Niagara the rainbow's rays
Baptized in beauty beams along the skies;
The misty fashion of its flossy sprays
Is marvellously woven with strange dyes,
Smiling above the troubled Fall that flies
From its tremendous precipice of stone
As if from heaven, a vapory sacrifice,
Enriched by flowers of light, and lichens lone;
And eerie forms seem near, as if they would be known.

For when the sun wheels down the western air,
And starry darkness nestles on the deep,
Dim Shapes of shade glide forth as if to share
Thine immaterial rites while mortals sleep.
A poet's soul would join them, for they keep
Few secrets from their lovers, nor disdain
His lone investigation who would leap
Life's bounds to gaze on mystery; or gain
A portion of their power and pathos, but in vain.

A small flower safely near thy grandeur glows,
A blush in every zephyr-wafted kiss;
While Erie's flood that can wild storms oppose
Is hurtled from thy haughty precipice
To howl hope's dirge like those, from their abyss,
Who gave Christ gall, and fashioned Tasso's cell.
Lo, Gabriel's final blast shall be a hiss
To such as made of Dante's life a hell—
"Spirit of God in Milton, was it well?"

No bard may tell thine answer, tho' its tones
Seem full of retribution; anthems deep
Whose diapason makes the rocky zones
Shake like the human heart in troubled sleep,
When tears bedew the eyes that will not weep
In any waking agony; the ground
So shakes, as if an earthquake forth would leap;
Or an aroused Gamaliel to wound [profound:
Their foes who teach mankind deep lore and love

Great lives are thus, Niagara, like thee;
Thy fall in glory's spray ascends on high,
Humbled to heaven, by loosing self set free,
And from the deep adorns the summer sky
Above the deluge bow's auroral dye,
With tints attributed to angels' wings
For whose companionship the poets sigh,
Tired of material men and fortune's stings,
Having scarce any choice save change of sufferings.

Then wake, thou emblem of Apocalypse,
Thy thunder-harp, created to increase
The glory from that font where Gabriel dips
His pinions of perfection, even Peace.
Men of degraded motive hourly cease;
Thine exultation liveth, only stream
With storms of thine own stirring, like the sea's;
Translate some part of Time's unuttered dream,
Wake the millennial psalm immaculate, supreme;

And ask the angel standing in the sun
For one more symbol from creation's Lord:
When Armageddon's warfare shall be done,
If heaven and earth will be of one accord,
And happiness forevermore restored
To this strange star called wormwood, which is Earth,
Where the elect wax gory with the sword
In their sharp conflict of the second birth,
Before the last vial's wrath is poured, as thou art, forth.

For thy sole rival is the stream of time,
The unknown river greater than the known,
Yet both may fail at once; for the sublime
Of seraphs sware to John on Patmos lone,
With hands upraised towards the starry zone,
That time shall be no more, the stars shall fall
Like the seared fig tree's fruit from branches blown
By fervency of fire, and sin will call
For refuge to thy rocks and find thee not at all.

Lundy's Lane.

'TIS sad to see a poor mute creature die,
A small bird maimed, an eagle's voiceless pains;
A nation's death 's more desolate! ah, why
Does he, great Homer, blazon forth his strains
Of fell aggression and perpetual chains?
Banned should ambition and its laurels be
If they have bourgeoned under sanguine rains;
Yet thro' two thousand years of carnage he
Rolls his corpse-freighted fame like Ganges to the sea.

They made themselves a foe without a cause
And hither strode to battle by the stream,
Niagara, whose awful grandeur draws
The pilgrims from all nations; here to dream,
Inspired by the supernal with a theme
Whose voice victoriously called, and calls
Compatriots forth to freedom; for we deem
Such an interpretation do thy walls
Of stone and water still proclaim, resistless Falls.

They never gave a reason for their wrong
To brethren in whose breast the selfsame blood
Is quick to crush oppression, and who long
With equal ardor to advance the good ;
Yet, having no incentive for a feud,
Across that mighty water swarmed amain,
While midnight rolled a mist o'er field and flood,
Strong thousands, foiled by such as dare maintain
Our own and England's flag on famous Lundy's Lane.

Save for Niagara's voice, the night was void ;
Resembling ebony the forest stood,
Still as a panther ere he hath destroyed
The foe who dares invade his lairing brood.
We scarce believe man's nature thirsts for blood,
But deem, when men do sanguine things in shade,
War is a nation's madness, fierce of mood :
How erst account for hosts in dark parade,
Aggressive, without cause in kindred gore to wade ?

Then came the strong men from the wilderness,
The savage full of fierceness hither came,
With Brant convened in vengeance to redress
His outraged people's wrongs by sword and flame.
Then many a damsel, many a reverend dame
Spared their most cherished to that lurid Lane
And watched with such suspense as hath no name,
But is sheer agony of loyal pain :
They were rewarded all, e'en by beloved ones slain.

Above the strife arose a smoky screen
And hid that hill of battle; all day long
War's fiery bolts were hurled the hosts between,
For right was thrice outnumbered by the wrong.
Yet victory at nightfall stood among
Our dead and living heroes. Who shall raise
A dirge for those or unto these a song?
Who gave our millions liberty always?
A kingdom's their remead above a poet's praise.

Obedient to the fifth commandment here
My muse would laud a parent's deeds that day,
Tho' sire and singer both may shortly share
Oblivion's flood whose famous are as spray,
Which each oncoming wave shall wash away;
Tho' he in honored war upheld the helm,
The semi-mortal helm of Deity,
And helped that day redeem his native realm
Transpierced by alien spears that did not overwhelm.

Stony Creek.

THERE is another scene without a stone
Not far from blue Ontario's yellow sand,
A vale that is not lovely, scarcely known
In its own neighborhood ; no column grand
Proclaims war's tryst, yet there brave Harvy planned
The rescue of a Province in the night
From Wynder who had thousands at command,
Who cannon had full charged and bayonets bright,
And with whom Chandlier's hosts unhorsed and waited light.

'Twas on a sultry June, Canadian night
Serene in starry glory, yet obscure,
And unsuspicious as a rose of blight
That scene reposed in slumber, infant pure.
If angels worship justice they did lure
Its influence auspiciously just then;
For, save some purpling vapors, heaven demure
Smiled on the coming glory of that glen ;
And, haply for our land, let sleep those murderous men.

One league of hills away toward the west
A band of patriots that selfsame time,
Harvy and his tired host partook of rest.
As told the night was lovely as the clime
That broods above Arabia sublime ;
A sky whose calmness lures us to evoke
The angel in our nature ; as some rhyme,
Or song that brings back childhood to unyoke
Life's burdens—soon resumed—so soon these warriors [woke,

And noiselessly left their nocturnal glade,
And darkly strode towards their foemen armed ;
They scarce could find a pathway thro' the shade
Of shrub-obstructed gorges ; yet, unharmed,
They reached the inner sentinel ; alarmed
He gave his signal—then began the strife
Between two nations who together swarmed
Like billows 'gainst a reef when ocean's rife
With noise of deadly note, an empire's death or life.

On Wynder's lair those warring patriots sprang,
Their country's ransom—there they struck, and lo !
Night paled in terror of the shock, the clang
Of sabres, brightened by the gory flow
From loins of three-ply adversaries low,
By horsemen tramped where thund'ring cannon wheel,
And number-marring muskets thin the foe
Like grass cut down to stubble by the steel
Of champion pioneers, impetuously leal.

Then from their forests came the dreaded cry
Of Indians vindicating usage dire;
And from their summits flames of victory
Illumed the lurid woods with leagues of fire,
As eastward fast the routed foe retire,
Till nature failed them, weary of that war,
By calm Ontario: who could less desire?
This land, whose flag 's untrammeled as of yore,
Is free from Nootka Sound to Race's extreme shore.

A nation's life it was, and is the pride
Of the victorious still. O'erwhelming odds
Were vanquished, so they fled away or died.
Some fled away ere morning many rods;
Our fathers buried some 'neath vernal sods,
And there they slumber in that sylvan vale
Lulled by lone Whip-poor-wills, while all their clods
With orange flowers are gilt since that red gale
Was showered in sheer defence of those who did prevail.

Such was the stubborn struggle, born to be
In consequences grander than of yore
Was Salamis or fierce Thermopylæ;
More potent tho' less affluent of gore.
O Freedom, glorious upon any shore,
Tho' born in blood and nurtured in distress!
And now, since those who won thee war no more,
The few remaining fortune should redress
With all their pride may take or tardy fame express.

Canada.

As to the Polar star they turn
Who brave a pathless sea,
So the oppressed in secret mourn,
Dear native land for thee!

—*Helen M. Johnson, Magog.*

"And hills all rich with blossomed trees
And fields with promised corn."

COME to this mountain in the harvest time,
And marvel why so many do not come.
Pity a tabernacle so sublime
Should be devoid of worshippers; its dome
A hemisphere where foreigners have room
Their ancient evils to obliterate,
And live in liberty's eternal bloom;
Whose commerce from the east to west elate,
Majestically sails: behold is it not great?

This land the sun sees fit to render fair
As any to the travelled winds revealed;
As for her streams, and lakes, none lovelier
Have ever to a patriot appealed:
Ontario, whose elder sisters yield
Honor ungrudged, for she is nobly blest,
Because the good her buckler is and shield,
Kings of the sea send gold at her behest,
The north yields up its fur and gems to crown her crest.

Tho' full of quiet now, thy veins have shed
Sanguine vitality for freedom's sake;
Then fell thy loyal and unlaurelled dead
That time Gaul's shrieking eagle flew to take
Its putrid feast insatiate and slake
Its thirst of blood from Europe's cringing kings,
Till surfeited it slept—too late—awake!
Froze to the drifting meal—the rapid swings
Both to the abyss, behold, in vain Gaul lifts her wings!

While we in triumph flourish; this new world
Has peace in all her borders and each field;
But trouble fills the old with trembling; hurled
Her cities are by earthquakes, islands yield,
Java and Ischia, into deeps concealed,
With all their shrieking thousands, as from hand
One casteth stones in streams, and all is stilled.
Wars, plagues, and dynamite, a dreadful band
Fill up the fatal list, but peace is in our land.

Yet England's statesmen scorn this clime and lore
In envy of our independent path,
And ask contemptuously, as once of yore;
Can any good thing come from Nazareth?
But time will answer with no word of wrath,
Awake who "learn to labor and to wait,"
Gain most, and leave an ampler aftermath
Of fame, and fortune, to their sons and state;
For spite of rulers vile, we also dare be great.

Three times a thousand loyal men and strong,
Left lands rebellious, homes beloved, rich looms,
Thro' pathless wildernesses wandered long,
Here in more liberal shores to hew them homes
In dwellings of big trees, in wintry glooms;
Denied of many gifts men cherish most,
Uncheered by her for whom they here did come;
Sons of these men are we, and 'tis our boast:
What other realm so born, or born on such a coast?

North star of many nations—despots drag
Shoreward the old world's ships in search of peace.
Be thou their beacon; let thy welcome flag
Woo them with refuge after troubled seas;
The Jew, the African, the vague Chinese.
Come from the shores whose oceans ever foam,
Here in unhindered plenty to increase,
And pine in bonds no more. This is the home
Where slaves have never been and despots meet their [doom,

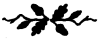
Or make their chart our Bible, like the sun,
That goodly compass of the sky, to guide
Time's sailors to eternity when done
With rash ambition or unfeeling pride.
Look likewise past those vernal vales where glide
Hues which seem angels clothed in majesty
Yet are but streams in radiant zephyrs dyed,
In lands so boundless day and night can be
Uncramped between its eastward and its western sea.

To a Reverend Friend.

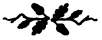
His brow appears like eloquence enthroned.
Who is more kind than he to make our clay
Lovely as earth by joyful June enzoned?
He sweeps all creeds from immortality,
As night is banished by the god of day,
Till scoffing sceptics bow abashed to heaven,
Or sink like waves hurled from high rocks in spray,
Down to the depths whence they have vainly striven,
While multitudes revere those gifts so grandly given.

O, for a faith like his, to comprehend
The hidden and the high: of manliness
Earth's noblest sample: eager to befriend
The needy in the season of distress.
The soul's Shekinah in Doubt's wilderness
Where every step is down; who would not bless
The hand that lifts and leads with such pure power
From out those arid caves where sin lairs to devour.

Manitoba.



According to Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., Manitoba is to be the Egypt of corn in the coming struggle soon to take place in Europe.



THERE'S a sound of the trampling of horses
And a rushing of ships and trains,
For the nations are marshalling forces,
And the Old World looks up from her fanes;
A noise as of tides and strong billows
Set westward, and hurtled along;
The landmarks are shaken as willows,
Or reeds, when the current is strong.

In the forest a sound of tent making
Where the wild ox was lord of his coast;
And the red man his birthright forsaking
Gives way to the oncoming host.
And why are the nations neglecting
Old temples and cities of old,
And the ties of past rites disrespecting,
New forms and strange fields to unfold?

It was not for the worship of Mammon
Made Jacob seek Pharaoh's grain ;
Did Moses quit Egypt for famine,
Or peace in the season of pain ?
As a stork knows her time in the heaven,
As the wild fowl the tempests foresee,
So unto the nations is given
Some prescience of tumult to be.

For a storm over Europe is brewing,
That shall blur their millennial light,
When fierce Wrong will go forth for undoing,
And when Right shall do battle for Right ;
And no grain can be sown in her valley,
And no herds graze her pasturing hills ;
And when hosts to the trumpeting rally
Of war, and inventions of ills.

When the nations their neighbors mistrusting
Will raven in famine for food,
And the plough in the furrow lie rusting,
And the fields bring up blossoms of blood ;
And the sword hand of ruin be scarlet
In the bosom of innocence dyed ;
And the beast have for helpmate a harlot,
And when freedom 's to bondage denied.

In the day of the prophet's foretelling
Of Philistia's espousal to Rome ;
Of the rivers in carnage upswelling
And the sun have on sack-cloth of gloom ;

And the firmament cyclones of hailing,
And the sea heave up corpses as spray,
And the maiden be heard not in wailing,
And the spoiler meet none to withstay.

Then when Faith seems like Ichabod's splendor,
Or a young girl on Babylon's street,
Will the Dragon come forth to defend her?
Will the Beast to her help send a fleet?
Will the Gentile arise to abolish
The enmailed Armageddon that day?
Or what Empire be called to demolish
The image of brass and of clay?

Whose arms have withstood the oppressor?
Whose strong hands upheld the oppressed?
They were England's—the chosen possessor
Of all whom her justice redressed.
So shall she for truth be rewarded
In that day, and for breaking of chains;
And to us, who assistance accorded,
Her triumphs o'er earth and the mains.

For our part in prophetical orders
May be to replenish her store
When Israel returns to her borders,
And the Jew shall be faithless no more.
And the Gentile repent at the story
Of Purity nailed to a cross,
And the kingdom of David in glory
Revive as it formerly was.

So give heed to the gathering of forces,
Nor decipher their symbols in vain,
That if Canaan should lack for resources
Our west may be Egypts of grain.
Give incense of song and oblations,
Ye tribes unto Salem restored,
For the Lord 's on the side of the nations
Who fight in behalf of the Lord.

Manitoba Greeting.

AS a volume left open whose pages
From cover to cover are blown,
So over my empire the ages
Have thither unharvested gone.

As a fleet from a harbor to harbor,
Whose keels leave no crease in the sea ;
Or as leaves fall in time from their arbor,
So the days have departed from me.

But it surely is better as I am,
Than staining my banner in blood
Like Paris the bastard of Priam,
Or Rome with Aggression for god.

And Albyn, despite thy devotion
Unto fame, thou wert wise on the day,
Thou didst follow time's sun o'er the ocean,
From lordly Ben Lomond away;

Afar from thy sea-tinted islands,
Dim Morvan, Dunlathmon and Skor,
Lone Caithness, and far in the Highlands,
Caithloda the dwelling of Thor;

Where mystical Fingal's Comala,
And the ghost who is Ossian's bride,
In Lulan, with lovely Vinvela,
And dark Agendecca abide.

And I gave thee my valleys for dowers,
And my mountains no longer forlorn,
My prairies of silence and flowers,
And my grain that is golden as morn.

Thine are they O Albyn of story,
For my heart as a bride to thee turns;
Thy tartan and pibroch and glory;
Are dear to me, brothers of Burns.

So also my sisters, nor longer
Be absent, they wait to be wooed;
Since even in peace thou art stronger
With song than in shedding of blood.

For the blast of thy music resembled
The blast of the angel of woes,
On the day Tel-el-kebir assembled:
Say Scotland, where now are thy foes?

Thy sword-sheaths were necks of thy foemen;
At the noise of thy coming they ceased;
Thy minstrels are kings, and thy yeomen
Are greater than kings of the east.

For thou art Jehovah's with Britain
In her large independence to reign;
By whose light shall my record be written,
In the emblems 'tis mine to maintain.

Thou also, Hibernia, daughter
Of sadness, abandon awhile
Thy terrible shambles of slaughter
Where Treason delights to beguile.

From homesteads invaded come hither,
From want and confusion, away;
Thy maids are too worthy to wither,
In the dens that were made to decay.

And thou may'st from thy willows recover
The harp of inherited powers;
And the banner of Tara may hover
In triumph once more from her towers.

It is folly, O France, it is folly
To repose in thy princes thy trust:
Turn thee hither from sophists unholy
With the cross for thy creed and be just.

Conform not to creeds that confound thee
In a woe-war with anarchy old;
But here with my majesty round thee
Find conquest for energies bold.

Alas, for the winds of thy sowing,
Are whirlwinds, and low in the sod,
Blood-spangled the lily's bestrewing
The pathway malignity trod.

Nor could Hugo do ought to revive the
Pure emblem from those who betray,
Ere iniquitous Nihilists drive thee
Like Cain to the desert away.

The Thousand Isles.

Thrilled by the water's long embrace
The slender silver reeds are stirred,
And sway with slow voluptuous grace,
Like dancers to a waltz unheard.

—*Emma Lazar*

THIS eventide, the mottled sky
Is glorious in the sinking sun:
Now heaven's serene immensity
Seems flashing forth the words, Well done.
While sacred superhuman hues
Adorn each dim declivity,
And shape the intermingling views
As fair as Eden's landscapes be.

And rich suffusions gently spread
A holy mornfulness on high,
Such as the brows of seraphs shed
When harping in the upper sky.
And half revealed by light and shade,
So softly sifted o'er the scene,
As if they heard the music made
In realms of innocence serene,
Those isles to invocation wooed
The restfulness of solitude.

Our bark like fate's mute shuttle, through
The watery web threads onward where
They fleck the bright translucent blue,
As low clouds fleck the living air.
Which is a cloud, and which can be
An isle is clothed in mystery ;
Both seem of a supernal growth,
And Sol's last radiance rests on both,
In one fond blush of pensive hues
That slowly flash and interfuse,
As if to beckon us away
Beyond the precincts of decay.
And looking at the living glow
Of light above and lake below,
Such parting pathos fills the air
The full soul feels it would not dare
Till free, to break the unseen chain
That binds with beauty and with pain.

So fades the daystar out from sight
In one vast, lonely vale of light
Celestial, delicately fair,
Believe me it is vision there
By angels thronged, for every ray
Quivers with immortality ;
The flash of their cherubic wings
Who dream unutterable things,
And so illuminate the high,
Serene, illimitable sky,
With tints emitted from that clime
Of something unfulfilled by time.
And we would follow him in high,
Immeasurable majesty ;
By one oblivious plunge to be
From human solitude set free ;
But fear the night, so soon to cast
This glory by, may ever last.

Some isles are rocky bastions bold,
Shaped when the ancient ages rolled
Around their thunder-rended forms,
Earthquakes and prehistoric storms.
But some are exquisitely planned
By Beauty's spiritual hand
For purposes of peace, and still
They have no part in human ill.

Each hour a deeper ray emits
That o'er the wandering water flits,
Like sanguine leaves when they forsake
Their lofty branches for the lake ;

Such colors tinge the beams that pass
  Yon cloud's encrimsoned chrysophras.
So every bird for joy is still
  In river-vale, or island hill;
And, past the purple mounts of pine,
  Lulling the winds with wands divine,
The imperial monarch of the day
  Wheels his irrevocable way,
Far off in clouds whose living flames
  Would lure the world to wiser aims;
Like seraphs blushing for the sin
  Of some originally kin.
Alas, how beautiful! they seem
  Thro' ageless centuries to dream,
Calm as the peace that comes from care,
  Pure as a child's face flushed with prayer,
Soft as a transient velvet rose,
  Still as the isles when winds repose,
Lone as this solitude of green,
  Dim as those purple deeps unseen,
Gorgeous as visions angels spread
  For bards prophetically led,
As to the seer of Patmos shone
  A sea of glass and crystal throne,
The city's glorious streets, and all
  That held his poet soul in thrall.

The above poem was published by Longfellow in his volume of "Poems of Places," devoted to Canada.

Transfiguration.

WRITTEN AT NIAGARA FALLS, ON RECEIVING A POEM ENTITLED "THE BEAUTIFUL."

A THIRSTY pilgrim o'er an arid waste
Revived by flashing fountains, even so
Comes a glad spell o'er every lofty spirit
When first inspired by beauty's sacred light,
All-affluent as was the Magian star
That moved before the wise men, wonderful.
It blooms alike for all, but to a few
Imparts a swift significance of power
Ineffable, immutable, untold.
O strange beginning of life's endlessness!
Not any seraph at Time's birthday song,
When Earth's bright dew was brushed by angel wings;
Not those of Delhi or of Mexico
Who made the morn a worship, gazing far
Thro' sunward silence from enchanted fanes,
Dim devotees of dawn enrapt, regarding
Day's god make glad the kindling seas and clouds
Flashing his far-off flames athwart the high
Old crimson-crested mountains, making each
An occidental Sinai, e'er saw
A dream more beatific than was shown
A mortal whom the world may never know
When tranced by that pure loveliness which is

Jehovah's nimbus and the pride of heaven,
Predestined nevermore to pass away.
This is the Horeb of the heart whose dower
Is in the terrible tables, and whose charge
Is to transcribe them to a scornful world.
For this responsible transfiguration
Is thronged with disappointment, and with pain,
As is the sun with shadow, therefore, thou,
Burn not thine incense lavishly, O bard!
For few can understand unselfishness.
Behold, a time may come when thou canst see
Before thee no Shekinah in the night—
Like David who was forced to thank his foe
For slaughtering Absalom, his son, while he,
Binding his wounds of woe in his own blood,
Poured forth o'erwhelming eloquence of woe.
So shalt thou use thine innate inspiration
In soothing sustenance of psalms, as friends,
By calumny estranged, cry "Crucify."
For as an oak is by the storm sustained
With boughs unbroken harp-strings in the blast,
Turning the very hurricane to praise
And gladness out of groaning, so the good
Are by promethean misery's misrule
Annointed to adore the Deity,
Who made this majesty of rainbow beams
Emblem our spirits' possibilities
Of exaltation, when from grief shall come
A rapture rendering even worship dumb.

A City by the Sea.

Pillowed in vapor, silver, pink and gold,
Itself of pearl and fire.

—*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

FROM Ocean Grove where many good reside,
Far to the west was seen at eventide,
A city as it were in Beulah land,
Of architecture angels understand.
Some tired of laud, perchance, or sacred mirth,
Aware how scant men are of peace on earth,
To elevate our longing so restored,
Or symboled thus their Salem of the Lord.
It was a lovely motive, to forebode
A Temple once before on earth bestowed.
Its bastions mounted with transparent spires,
Its fanes aglow with unconsuming fires.
The surplus incense from its altars welled,
Became the cloud-like frescoes we beheld—
Majestically moving over even
With half-revealed magnificence of heaven.
When like an altar-smoke they raised the veil,
And lo, the scene's immensity of scale!
The veil withdrawn, aloft to left and right
A miracle of consecrated light
Smote every pass, transmuting as it gleamed,
Till substances opaque pellucid seemed,
Intensified, and interfused, and high,
Such as becometh immortality.

There flashed the gates of pearl, the walls of stone,
Beryl, jacinth, sard insuperably shone
In streams of radiance round them ; Euphrates,
And Hiddekel, embowered by stately trees,
So huge, their leaves were Autumn clouds for size ;
And, wafting bourgeoned incense to the skies,
There grew Salvation's ever-graceful tree
O'er the sad olive of Gethsemane,
Benignly yielding balm, and myrrhy dew,
And healing verdure on the mournful yew,
In gardens like En Gedi of the sun,
Such as rejoiced the monarch Solomon,
Or Babylon when Daniel, scorning fear,
Interpreted its doom ; so hung they there
A-surge with flowers of life that could defeat
Eclipsing night or Death. And every street
Paved costly with apocalyptic gold
Resembling Hiram's masonry of old,
When in a Temple Zion would express
Godhead immaculate in gorgeousness.

So there, far sunward, luminously reared
On colonnades, a goodly Fane appeared.
Columns of stainless porphyry, ingrained
With gold, the lofty balconies sustained,
Branched in Ionian arches to uphold
Beams of rare jade 'neath roofs of airy gold
Wherefrom huge domes heaved into the eterne,
As ocean icebergs in the sunbeams burn.
Evolving auras pure as iris rayed
Around Jehovah's throne of jasper made.
There were some signs from Heaven, I did not dare
Interpret those, save one divinely fair :

A dove lit on the Temple's crystal cross,
Its plumage white just tinged with azure gloss,
Outwaved as if to bless the wide domain,
Then winged once more unlimited inane,
But want of grace debarred me, unconsoled,
From images to inspiration told.
Extrinsic gifts immortal themes require,
Or the live coal from wisdom's altar fire;
Yet love enlarged by sorrow did dilate
Some hints of heaven, or distance dissipate
Into similitudes of many a scene
From Bible climes; still pools in pasture green,
Palms near lone wells, dim deserts, shadowy rocks,
The tinkling bells of ruminating flocks
By shepherds watched when from the starry slope
Came the white angel of eternal hope.

For which thro' all those lofty avenues
Winged seraphs raised the harmony profuse,
Twelve times twelve thousand angels all agleam
In radiant robes beside the sacred stream,
Where banks of minstrels, sometimes listening,
Smote harps of holy laud. We heard them sing:
O peace, O peace! and thou despised of yore
By those whose hands clasp mine on earth no more,
Arise, proclaim how seraphim above
Meet those from earth long lost, and how they love.
So sang the glowing ones in nimbus zones
Out-circling tier o'er tier at orisons,
While kindly interposing wings to shade
The intolerable glory music made;
Yet so much Heaven escaped their pinions there
As we, unused to happiness, could bear.

Fain had I gone then, beauty without flaw
Besieged my soul, but was deterred by awe.
For there lay tranced between me and that gate
A deep black solitary ocean strait,
Inlaid mosaical with blotches red,
A burning sea whereon no man may tread
Till his due time. Then spake the living voice:
This vision is reality: rejoice
That such things are: the hour to vindicate
The world is near: behold the very gate
Is on its pinions poising: see afar
The swift atonement kindling, star by star,
His way who bears on high the second name,
Haloed by heaven's unfathomable flame.
Such will Jehovah of creation make.
And, pointing skyward, other words he spake
From John of Patmos when he saw revealed
The books of Salem; but one book was sealed.

Then bands of angels changed the vivid scene,
And wreaths of sombre vapor rolled between
Earth and those bastions, fading one by one,
Like hope, or the departing day when done.

Persuade me not it was a storm gone by,
Poised for a space in eve's ethereal sky.
Explain it not by a material law;
'Twas crysoline Jerusalem we saw.
For poets, when all human dreams grow dim
Can people solitude with seraphim,
And formulate from troubled clouds obscure
Faerie morgana infinitely pure.

Aldebaran.

Twofold refulgent every star appears
As if some wide celestial gale did blow,
And thrice illume the ever-kindled spheres.

—*Charles Heavysege.*

THRILLED with the beauty of thy laws
My soul no more be dumb,
Back to the light, O great First Cause,
On bended knees I come.

Thy works of wonder are inspired
As truly as thy word,
And both are by our souls required,
And therefore both conferred.

O world of light, O city bright,
O golden streets and streams,
Thy portal's poorest stone of white
Surpasses human dreams!

The shining silence of each orb,
An angel every dye,
Longing our being to absorb
In white eternity.

To the Moon.

MOON, gauge the stops of song, those starry stops
In the vast organ of the universe,
And fill our firmament with melody.
Make the broad concave sounding board of blue
Echo creation's symphony again.
Encore, encore, Diana! dost thou hear
The orchestry primeval? Lo, there's Lyra,
Cozen her into concert, likewise Phad.
But leave out Mars; we have too much of him.
His influence made man carnal ever since
His pibroch boomed in the empyrean band
That marshalled in creation; leave out Mars.
Nor do we much admire the Dragon, let him
Remain with the mailed god, and both be mute.
But there is preferable Hesperus;
Can she not chant as formerly? ah yes,
And Vulcan with his anvil chorus bring
For hallelujahs resonant in heaven;
Prince Saturn for precenter keeping time
With his huge rings as cymbals. Wake them all.
Wake Galaxies sidereal; wake Dubbe,
Merek and Benetnosch, and Megrez dim,
In far off ages failing; Mizar call
Lest he, like Bethlehem's Cassiopean light
Should be too long eclipsed. Behold the cross
With its ausonian duplicate, eternal.
Call those ephemeral phenomena,

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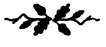
The comets, strange but mighty ; they who blaze
Like prophets, scorning time—the epoch nears
When we should know heaven better : blend thy song
With Flora also into a sweet stave,
And all earth's flowers will listen. Cerus, sing
So that the amber sheaves on modern hills
May bow like Joseph's brethren. Let Queen Juno
Convene for the occasion with her court.
We deem our wish is no disparagement
To Homer or his followers ; our regard
Is strong for human minstrels : haply they
Are delegates from thee, and thus enact
A part by thee allotted them of yore ;
And so renew man's lost astrology,
Till we are ruled as formerly ; but, Moon,
We long for others also ; exorcise
The stars till they give answer and we hear
Those pæans performed before the ages grey ;
Their very graves are grey with cumulii
And mildew of millenniums sepulchred :
Dim thro' long time, unutterably old !
Was it that they were purer that ye sang
Cerulean anthems to them ? Would not we
Be worthier likewise if we heard the same ?
Do this for Easter, Dian ; this great day.
'Tis the occasion's marvellous urgency
Apologizes for our importuning.
Bind the sweet influence of Pleides,
Arcturus, Mezzeroth, Orion red,
All-colored Algol, Nebul, Alioth.
Make comets candelebra, asteroids
For footlights to three worlds of audience.

Their songs would make bale lean, and leave its grave,
With the unrythmic millions multiplied,
Like leaves from obscure forests of all time,
To cram creation's auditorium,
If ye perform the role rehearsed of yore.
Ye deign no answer to my midnight croon:
Ah well; good night, or morrow, gentle Moon.



The Comet.

TO ANDREW ELVINS, ASTRONOMER, TORONTO.

THE shades grow deeper in the dark green grass,
Low sigh the winds as if lone spectres pass
Unseen reluctant ways. The restless trees
Wave dimly in an ever-varying breeze
With tones of coming storms. Past earthly fields
A coast-like cloud-land easterly reveals
A trailing train of shapes that seem, far seen,
The funeral of Night's abdicated queen.
Her argosy of light lies beeched in surge
With envy that one worthier should emerge
Unchartered o'er the solitary throng
Of that blue region ruled by her so long.
For up where Lyra's singing rays reflect
Mild reprehension over our neglect,
An unknown messenger from realms unknown,
Wheels his irrevocable way alone,

The verge-light of a universe; nor hath
Earth one with gifts to think across thy path,
Thou ghost of a past would; yet unforgiven,
It may be, but for beauty left in heaven,
To swing the gonfalon of God on high,
Beam thro' the night and burn across the sky.
As glowing winds in Eden gardens sing,
Hear the celestial harper chansoning
Earth with a ballad of beatitudes,
Burdened with majesty of lofty moods.
O for a lyre seraphic to prolong,
Symphonious, the undulating song!
Such as the star-choir sang when heaven's high band
Hailed the warm world fresh from Jehovah's hand:

COMET.

"I am wafted abroad to a farther abode
Than wondering thought can wander,
My career in the sky is so ample and high
The heavens intervening roll under.
For the width of my sphere's the aphelion of years,
In æoned eternity grey,
With the measureless light of my musical flight
Inflamed, unconsumed and away.

"Over lovely Orion the pinions I fly on,
Tho' viewless have lifted me far;
Over lone Magdalen, and the rainbow of green
Around Alcyone, the star
Where dwells the eternal whose mandate supernal
Has hurtled me hither and thither,
As a thought that is seen in the ultimate sheen
Of sinless eternity's ether.

"Over stars that were made when Jehovah arrayed
Thy primal foundations with fire;
Over many on earth thy Creator sent forth
Thro' the heavens since that morning, and prior;
And again I return from the regions where burn
God's pendulous censers sublime,
To abolish some gloom from the planet of tombs,
And to color the river of Time.

"But I came not to boast of my flight nor the host
I have seen since I saw thee of old;
Winged aloof from the thrall of the kingdom of Sol
For events by no Newton foretold.
For a part we all play in the night and by day,
In sidereal dramas divine;
Yet my journey is lone in the heaven, for I own
No freightage immortal like thine."

EARTH.

"I also was grieved, of thy beauty bereaved,
Like Rachel whose children were not;
And the angels I asked, as in azure they basked,
If they knew of thine ultimate lot?
But in silence they shone like the fruit that has gone
From the tree that in Paradise grew,
Which the first of my race were the first to deface,
So crave not my mutinous crew.

"Looking backward I seem like a fabulous dream,
Full of flame and dark flood without days,
Ere my mountains as spume gurgled up in the gloom
That no star had peered thro' out of space.

Till the roseate dawn like a sedulous swan
Softly brooded green Eden to bloom;
Ere the miscreant man came to join in the plan
Of creation's dominion and doom.

"It is humbling to view what to mortals untrue
To their destiny troubles their reason,
In a trebly cursed world which Jehovah has hurled
His footstool in space for a season.
Where the pride of an hour grows despotic in power,
Uprearing huge temples to sin,
Until Wisdom and Right in their own lovely light
Stand trembling, but enter not in.

"In my kingdom of care even princes must wear
All the ghastly complexion of death;
Yet no prophet's discourse has revealed the divorce
Of my race from their Maker in wrath:
I have asked the blue main and the high starry train
But they pass me in solitude by;
In ages none number o'er graveyards aslumber
Imploring—O who can reply?

"Trailing legions I go with red warfields of woe,
Euroclydon, plague and monsoon;
Nor from void would be missed if I cease to exist,
As ye miss not from morning the moon.
Who has wisdom to tell whether glory or bale
Is appointed to planets? or why?
Like the one star in seven, rebuilded or riven,
I may bourgeon, or burn upon high?"

COMET.

"They who die have more awe for a law above law,
Than for arts comprehended in schools;
It is therefore that I have no orbit on high
To proclaim that God rules above rules;
So my advent is solely by harmony holy;
And the songs that eternally cheer
Every universe broad are the anthems of God,
They would madden a mortal to hear.

"But I bring thee a grace from the splendor of space,
And a beam from the beauty of heaven;
That the world may assume the immutable bloom
The angels inviolate live in;
For the gift of my mission's to grace thy condition,
To silence the fools who deplore me;
And there's many a sphere in my spacious career
That has grown out of gloom into glory;

"As a dewdrop might grow to a planet aglow,
Pellucid of scintillant hues,
Every spangle a dawn flaming onward and on
The universe vast to suffuse,
With a beauty so pure that no ill could endure
To be in its circle unblest,
Yet better than this in the kingdom of bliss
Is the city of Salem and rest.

"Such a time will arrive when no evil shall thrive,
No hurricanes howl to the moon;
Earth is nearing the bounds of seraphical sounds
With the heaven's whole concert in tune;

Where in discord and war shall be purchased no more
Their peace who immaculate be;
From the lightning prongs of their sorrows and wrongs
They shall smile like a sunrise at sea."

Who'll sing the song of the starry throng,
The song of the sun and sky?
The angels bright on their thrones of light
Not a mortal such as I.

—*McLachlan.*

Better Not to Know.

WHO ever formed great plans in youth
Of mighty things to do;
Of wisdom, fortune, fame and power
To aid the good and true;
Whoever wished to bless his race,
To raise the poor and low,
Such patriot hearts have found some pangs
'Twere better not to know.

And hast thou wooed one beautiful
Who would not smile on thee,
Thy spirit blindly hoping still,
Refusing to be free?
Until some rival baffled all,
And spoiled thy fate? if so
Thou art acquainted with those things
'Twere better not to know.

Has bland temptation lured thee on
To his fair-seeming goal,
Till harsh remorse to greater sins
Goads on the harrowed soul?
Hope wrecked on rock along life's stream
All evermore laid low—
There are some moments in such scenes
'Twere better not to know.

Sin plods all feebly on thro' fate,
Dumb, wretched, tempted, blind;
Forbid to hope and by remorse
Forbid to look behind;
Resigned to the uncertainty
Of everything but woe,
And some dark boding, future pains
'Twere better not to know.

Tumultuous passions surge the soul
And fitful visions flash,
Grief-chilled and fever-scorched by turns
'Neath pain's all torturing lash,

Desiring death, if but for change,
Yet dreading hence to go,
"For in that sleep what dreams may come,"
'Twere better not to know.

For in that dim futurity
All hazy lone and far,
Upon whose threshold Silence sits
And holds Death's door ajar
For souls to enter at all hours,
While from his house none go,
There may be secrets hidden there
'Twere better not to know.

The longing after hidden lore,
The thirst for unknown things,
The fearful yearning to explore
The future's mystic springs,
The blighted happiness and all,
All that we must forego,
Tho' want of wisdom grieves, perchance
'Twere better not to know.

But wisdom makes us worthy heaven,
And knowledge gives us power;
And holy science floods the soul
As with a golden shower;
And nature's studies speak of him
From whom they brightly flow,
Whose scantest peace outweighs those cares
'Twere better not to know.

Then let us fathom every truth
'Tis possible to find,
To strengthen lift and dignify
The all-desiring mind;
Earth's lights and shades and loftier worlds
That soul-exalting glow,
Can teach to bear the numerous ills
'Twere better not to know.

One Hundred Years From Now.

WRITTEN AT THE "MOUNTAIN VIEW" HOUSE, HAMILTON.

I STOOD upon the mountain brow
That overlooks the Bay,
Ontario glimmering in the east,
Empurpled far away:
When up with morn's transfiguring light
Arose the question: how
Will this vast panorama be
One hundred years from now?

O change! but let us meditate
Before we thus exclaim;
For not one heaven-beseiging hope
Or soul will be the same;
That not a living heart will throb,
Or one aspiring brow
Of all the hither-hastening host
One hundred years from now.

Behold yon home, 'tis possible
When those strange years have flown,
That mansion may remain the same
In architectural stone;
Yet not one living occupant
Will that elapse allow
To thrill returning tenderness
One hundred years from now.

The foe to whom our hatred flew,
The chosen fair and dear;
Charms that might make death hesitate
And break his hideous spear;
Gifts that could bless, or bring a blush
On grim stagnation's slough,
Will all alike be wafted hence
One hundred years from now.

The priest who pawns his sacred stole
For robes by worldlings worn;
The poet with millennial dreams
Of peace repaid by scorn;

The statesman's curse, to be belied
While at an empire's prow,
No more may hear the rabble hiss
One hundred years from now.

One half the world lives by the grief
The other half endure ;
And fine professions fatten on
The crimes they cannot cure ;
Their harvests of unhappiness
Time's sickle comes to mow,
With all who in such vineyards work
One hundred years from now.

So legions move to death by means
Of too much woe to care,
Pushed from obscurity's dim pier
By absolute despair:
An epitaph the only trace
Their troubles here can show,
Unless faith's pilot fords the deep
One hundred years from now.

But you who live by wisdom's lore,
Who weep for human woes,
If planted side by side beneath
Death's little hilly rows
With such as scorned a wanting world,
Nor would its rights allow,
Will not be all as one with those
One hundred years from now.

For tho' yon sun with broad free beams
May look around and see
No record to remain that day,
Dear friend, of you and me ;
Tho' life produced for us but weeds
'Neath desolation's plow,
Love's quitclaim may renew its lease
One hundred years from now.

Then the caged culprit shall be free
By nature's legal course ;
Then the unhappy pair obtain
The long delayed divorce—
O bliss, without remorse or blame,
Or any broken vow—
Yea such as long for any change
One hundred years from now.

Such questions as arise from vice
No ghost returns to tell !
If sin's abortive years will end
As Sydon did, or well ?
In peace, or pitted with rude fiends
In one eternal row ;
But every creed will be explained
One hundred years from now.

This and much more will be revealed ;
Yea dreams we dream not of—
Such as by wisdom is withheld,
Lest fools blaspheming scoff—

In regions paved with stars of heaven,
Pledged to Jehovah's vow,
Far from the dread of death or hell
One hundred years from now.

Ambition has no right to hope
For any rock of rest,
Unless like Noah's dove of peace
The palm branch is its guest;
For tho' delusion's fools with smiles
To lucre's favorites bow;
Fame must fulfill God's law to live
One hundred years from now.

But human learning, selfish fame,
Or atheistic sneer,
Placed parallel to God's great thoughts,
How puny ye appear.
He wills new worlds, or wills them not,
He sways the heavens, but thou,
O Pride where wilt thou build thy throne
One hundred years from now?

And thou thyself, great glowing globe,
With all thy restless crew
Of emigrants immortal launched
With clouds empyrean, who
Out of thy heavenly havened host
Will look to see thee plow
Still onward to eternity
One hundred years from now?

Perchance mankind may see ere then
The One who wept in vain,
Come glory-legioned suddenly,
Triumphant o'er the train
Of sin; O Zion lift thy gates!
Ye alien Gentiles bow
To Solyma's Immanuel ere
One hundred years from now!

The Shell.

Steeped in some rainbow essence.
—*Sangster.*

'TWAS when green haloes, airy, clear,
Above the May-lit boughs appear
In oriental atmosphere,
Bestreaked with crimson,
Arose a goodly dawn as e'er
Wild birds sang hymns on.

As some great theme untold in rhyme,
So grandly Sol began to climb
His azure dome to measure time
High in mid heaven,
And all beneath his smile sublime
Appeared forgiven.

That holiday, remembered well,
Not feeling fit in crowds to dwell,
Up, pensive, for the mountain dell,
Lonely I sped;
But finding by the way this shell
Thus musing said:

To be where thou art is not good
Commingling with the common mud,
Thy hues like roses in the bud
Blush there to be,
Once bathed in ocean's sounding flood,
The ageless sea.

The soft suffusion of thy face
Proclaims a sentimental grace:
That thou art greatly out of place
Thy lot is proof:
'Tis thus with all the tuneful race
Neath heaven's blue roof.

Hadst thou to some green lane been taken,
Where from lush foliage dews are shaken—
Winged harps by living hundreds waken
- Those dawns with glee—
Thy fate had been far less forsaken,
But here—ah me.

Let not thy gentle heart be hurt
Because we meet among the dirt;
If forced to be with clods inert
Not thine the wrong;
It was not fated to pervert
Thy wavy song.

Thy murmured answer, mystic friend,
I cannot wholly comprehend ;
Yet some things in our structure blend,
A lurking gift,
Whose holy longings upward tend
But fail to lift.

Come to my dwelling in the garret,
What room is there I freely share it ;
A boon begrudged is minus merit,
And burns the hand ;
There thou shalt find the great in spirit
Of our loved land.

Serene among muses shining
Wye, Moodie, Kerby, Wilkins, Vining ;
And Collins, gifted in refining
Castalia's tank :
A bard for whom Fame's not designing
Oblivion blank. *

Some pondered deeply long ago
By jambs with piney knots aglow,
While wintry tempests, drifting snow,
Wailed thro' the woods—
I learned what Felconer could show
Concerning floods.

* The names of W. Wye Smith, Edmund Collins, W. Kerby, and of the other geniuses here mentioned, are so widely known that they require no other annotation than this apology for so unpermittedly adorning this page with them.

Poe, Byron, Heavysege and Blair,
Von Humboldt with his hoary hair
Like thine own sea; and Burns the rare
First son of fame;
John Milton mounting Jacob's stair
Blind unto blame.

Some who have long ago departed;
Some by Death's sickle lately thwarted,
Some who large plans improving started,
But lost the way;
Some minus shekels, broken hearted,
Died of delay.

One struggled hard to help the needy,
Reclaim the sot, and clothe the seedy
Fit for the universal freeday,
Which will ensue;
But this huge world has grown so greedy,
What can one do?

All that we hope for does not happen.
Angels perverse (our deeds misshapen?)
Wrapped his high aims a shroud of crape in,
Making them vain,
While he, sole mourner of fate's rapine,
Stood bound in pain.

The spirit of the past that time
Revived him with remembered rhyme,
As out of some grey turret's chime
A Sabbath bell,
Restoring from a far off clime
The gentle spell.

By which he saw, and still can see,
Far from this city's dreary glee,
A lovely valley and a tree
Beside a lake,
And one who there was glad to be
For his own sake.

So near ashore the roses grew
Their blushes flecked the mirror blue,
Like red shells bathing, where we two
Joyed to behold
How morning over nature threw
Etheriel gold.

On every dewy bud and blade
The all important light was laid,
Calming the slow receding shade,
As faith calms fear,
While love's young pulse exultant made
The meaning clear.

So heaven's inexplicable spell
From beauty's glance of gladness fell
On his fine spirit, there to dwell
For evermore,
Like fadeless color in a shell
Heaved high on shore

By tidal waves from coral seas,
To be with flags on lillied leas,
Where nimbus leaves on lofty trees
In dews are glancing,
Waiting the music of the breeze
To set them dancing.

Or as an eagle out from gloom
Vaults o'er Apollo's silvery bloom,
His spirit took a grand caroom
On love's young pinions,
Rejoiced to see the heavens make room
For morn's dominions.

It was the time when men were proud
Along with him to be allowed;
E'en queenly beauty grandly bowed—
His hat ascending—
But once beneath misfortune's cloud
Behold the ending.

For just as he began to dream
His world-regenerating scheme,
Malignant tribulation's stream
Above him rushed;
Where storms contending howl and gleam
His harp was hushed.

For he who gave the poet's strain
Has taxed the gift divine with pain;
And firey storms round Fame's high fane
All spiteful wheel;
Yet do the tempests of the main
Thy charms reveal.

Restless, obscure, uneducated,
Inspired to love, yet never mated;
Glad to aid goodness, but berated
By those we cheer;
One would infer we were created
For some high sphere.

Poor orphans of this world are we,
Endowed with double sympathy
For sorrow, while we daily see
Sin crowned with gold,
And worth in want—why this should be
Remains untold.

But tho' we merit melancholy
In common with man's fall and folly,
When adverse tempests drifting lowly
Eclipse the skies,
Some Sabbath prospects sweet and holy
Awake, arise.

We own a grand exhaustless store
Of uncommunicable lore;
We can feel music long before
The first note sounds;
Far off we hear stormed ocean roar
Lashing his bounds.

Sweeter to us the wild birds sing
Than harps to hearts of harsher string;
Each flower's a very holy thing
In beauty dressed,
Like bands of angels entering
The realms of rest.

So grief may be a law of growth,
Since even nature sends us both
The evil and the good, and doth—
Such seems the plan—
Render responsible for sloth
The miscreant man.

And on the time of trouble's spite
The muse can soar by "second sight;"
As thro' embattled storms of night
Bursts heaven's red ray,
Till earth is deluged with a light
Fairer than day.

As thro' the Thousand Isles of green
At times no channel can be seen,
The skilful pilot helms us clean
The narrows thro';
From surges thundrous to a sheen
Of peaceful blue.

So wisdom pilots worth along
Thro' salutary tides of wrong;
For truth, and love, and faith are strong,
Nor can be slighted;
The whole materialistic throng
Will yet be righted.

We can afford to pity those
Who scorn a poet's joys and woes,
Whose earthly fancy never flows
From light supernal,
Where truth's millennial laurel grows
In youth eternal.

Tho' often blamed when not to blame
By fools who deem we sing for fame—
We know the right, yet suffer shame,
Forced wrong by wrong,—
E'en when in earnest to reclaim
The erring throng.

Think not, dear friend, thy lot is hard
Because by pain from peace debarred,
Maimed, menaced, mutilated, marred
Beyond a cure,
Great pains produce a great reward
If we are pure.

My fellow minstrel in distress
The phantom fame would blast not bless,
If we fail dumbly to express
The light within,
The holy light of loveliness
Because of sin.

Abate no faith, behold yon scroll,
How grand those midnight orbits roll!
Deem not the mind that has control
Of such a scene,
Can stain its honor, or extol
Aught that is mean.

So bard of ocean, and of time,
Come and commune in wordless rhyme
About thy coral halls sublime,
I do beseech:
Grant me some knowledge of that clime
Beyond the beech.

For o'er an ocean we must sail
Soon as we quit this adverse vale—
We send—but no return of mail
Comes from that coast:
It cannot be in Death's dark gale
That all are lost.

Italia.

DANTE, arise, O Tasso send
Thy spirit to the glee!
Alfieri, strike thy harp, the land
Of Angelo is free!
Land where Galileo's starry lore
Was most at home on high
Heaven's vibrant orbits to explore,
Columbus of the sky—
The land of Raphael's living art,
Of Petrarch's peaceful lore,
Home of each melancholy heart
Be as ye were of yore
Ere Byron's mighty genius mourned
Thy glory unreturned;
Where Shelley, by his brothers scorned,
Sleeps quietly inurned;
By Tiber and in Venice rise,
Where Austria's sabres gleamed;
Semblance of ruined Paradise
Be once again redeemed.

Unurned thine ancient cohorts come,
Invincibly serene,
To find thy fanes, aggressive Rome,
Have false to triumph been.

Tne Pincian hill, thy Appian wall,
Thy Coliseum's show,
Tramped by the godless feet of Gaul,
By Austria trampled low.

But now thy shackled past gives way,
Thy legions reappear;
And Garibaldi's victory
Has taught us to revere
Genoa fame—eclipsing Rome's—
Whose son his flag unfurled
To find a hemisphere of homes,
The Nimrod of a world,
A world that from its western skies
Sends freedom-greeting strains,
Rejoiced to see Italia rise
And break oppression's chains.

Three wise men from the east sailed round
Far o'er a strange dim sea,
They followed nature's star and found
A Bethlehem of the free!
Let that great deed redeem thy fault;
Liberata's song, prevail!
Liberata, let thy hymns exalt,
The goddess with her scale.
Redeemed is Virgil's weedy grave,
And thine, once Rome of earth,
Who from thy glorious bosom gave
Immortal minstrels birth;
They, bulwarks of thy past, shall stand,
Thy strength in years to come;

They call from many a far off land
Our hearts to thee, O Rome!
No more may despots trample thee
Like valembrosa leaves;
No more thy gorgeous Pantheon be
The prowling place for thieves;
No more may aliens spoil thy throne
With violence and vice;
No more thy beautiful be shown
At market for a price.
No more a thousand years eclipse
Such dreams as Dante dreamed;
Again shall Tiber see his ships
Out of the deeps redeemed.

"The beautiful twilight of heaven
Bade nature a blushing adieu
Ere we came from that lake in the valley,
The glade where the dandelions grew."

"THE GLADE."—Page 135.

RURAL RHYMES.

The Old Pine Canoe.

How bright were the days that have long ago faded
From vernal hills high in the sun's airy beam;
The flower-spangled shoreway by cedar trees shaded,
The bridge where we fished in the many-curved stream.
How gay when October made golden the weather,
As over the water the withered leaves flew,
We rowed in red vistas the blue grapes to gather,
And watched the waves cradle the old pine canoe.

But where is the glory ambition projected
When gaily we roved o'er the water-bound scene,
Where now is the gladness that bright scene reflected?
Ah, where is the boat that was moored on the green?
The spirit of change has all silently taken
The charms that we loved from the objects we knew;
Its beauty has fled and our friends have forsaken
The scenes where we paddled the old pine canoe.

Ye wild flowers that beaconed the pathway before me,
The world was not true to the welcome ye gave!
Come back, O come back, gentle rose, or restore me
My innocent faith, and my hope from their grave.
Not in vain did we climb, but the excellent splendor
That lured us aloft was the glitter of snow!
Return me the flags and the friends who were tender
In the days when we dreamed in the old pine canoe.

Ah, never again will they come to rejoice us,
When evening's last sunbeams repose on the hill;
And never again shall we hear their glad voices,
Except when the echoes of memory thrill.
If we gather once more all the grave has not gathered
To join in the joys we were wont to pursue,
Ah, who could forget all the sorrows that withered
The days since we sailed in the old pine canoe?

Farewell to the fair waving valley forever,
Farewell to the flowers that grew by the shore,
Farewell to the course of the blue winding river,
Farewell to the scene that can gladden no more.
The Spring will return and the season of roses,
The forest and valley their verdure renew,
But the friends and the days that our memory shows us
Have passed down the stream like the old pine canoe.

Atkinson's Mill.

THIS river of azure with many a weed in
Comes far from the past as those famous of old;
Its dawns are the same as made blossoms in Eden,
And still it remembers their crimson and gold.
As vivid this valley with forests around it,
And low, waving evergreens shading the hill;
But color has gone from the cottage that crowned it —
The alders have faded by Atkinson's mill.

This stream is the same with its tinting of azure,
Yet the old bridge is moved from its mooring of stone:
Departed are those who once made it a pleasure
To sail here, or skate when the summer had gone.
This pathway through cedar is trampled no longer
By feet that went daily to school 'gainst their will;
The fragrance of hope in the springtime is stronger
And sweeter than summer by Atkinson's mill.

No more will the big wheel revolve with a clatter,
No more the bolts turn with a turbulent clank,
Nor down the dim flume rush the wonderful water
To burst forth in foam by the green covered bank.
The blue flag has gone from the shore that we cherish,
The song of the grey bird in autumn is still,
Yet memory kindles the blossoms that perish
Like hope that was happy by Atkinson's mill.

Webster's Falls

(NEAR DUNDAS).

Two fertile shores have formed a gentle river
That rolls serenely onward to its fall—
A dreadful depth, it makes the spirit shiver,
So fearful is the plunge from yon worn wall.

Mottled with moss that lives upon its ledges,
Begemmed with liquid incense from below,
Thro' dark green cedars growing near the edges,
While scraggy pines on high wave to and fro.

And hanging from the cliffs by tendrils tangled,
In wild luxurious loveliness profuse,
Festoons of faithful vine, by fall bespangled,
Time's altar tapers, colored of all hues.

And when the gorgeous verdure is decaying,
October blushing by these shores and swamps,
Reminds one of an Indian maid delaying,
Last of her race, among deserted camps.

Alone in forest avenues to saunter,
Dream on the hills and trace the winding shore,
Familiar to the footsteps of the hunter,
The vanished tribes who visit us no more.

Beyond the distance of time's westward river
Her friends have gone forever past recall;
Death put their days like arrows in his quiver,
Fast as those leaves of scarlet foliage fall.

One came here once to muse on prospects thwarted,
And saw life's emblem here, and still can see;
Like truth, these waves are lost not, nor departed,
But in the future shall more affluent be,

As surely as these waters, downward driven
Thro' unknown gorges, perfected at last,
Shall rise again to soar celestial heaven,
Bright with the alchemy of many a blast.

For such as dare maintain truth's exaltation,
By labor toiling in the upward path,
Thro' science which is God's last revelation,
Thro' faith, the only perfect friend of death.

White Lilies.

MORNING on Burlington golden and glorious,
Softly transfusing the crystalline sheen;
Every mild lustre Aurora lit over us,
Angels translating the dawning to green.

So from her slumber came Annabell pensively
Roving with friends where the shore-pebbles bleach,
Came ere the morning had blossomed extensively,
Searching for lilies on Burlington Beach.

Blooming in light they ensymboled unsullying
Peace that surpasses ambition or fame;
As out of the depths of such exquisite coloring
Freshly those emblems of innocence came.

There we like gods drank immortal libations,
As sunbeams drink shadows wherever they reach,
Till even stars tendered to Sol their oblations,
Searching for lilies on Burlington Beach.

I Will Not Tell.

I WILL not tell thee why the land
With so much glory glows;
There is but one in all the world
My sacred secret knows.

O, she is fairer than the flowers
Of rosy June or May,
When every bird is singing near
And every blossom gay.

I asked her eyes to let their beams
Make life supremely grand:
Their answer like a flood of light
Flushed all the flowery land.

The sunbeams glanced among the grass,
Warm-waving in the breeze,
A new life gladdened every bloom.
More vivid grew the trees.

I shall not tell thee why the land
With so much glory glows;
There is but one in all the world
My sacred secret knows.

A Blue Bird.

HAIL, singing symbol of the Spring,
With all thy flowery train;
To every valley of our land
We welcome thee again.

Come to the pine and maple tree,
To groves of willow come;
The buds are weary waiting thee
To woo them into bloom.

Fresh green of bloom and fragrant grass
Shall glorify the glade,
And fruits abundantly to bless
Thy sweet domestic trade.

Here is the very same snug nest
Built near our ancient barn,
Made soft with feathers from thy breast
And downy shreds of yarn.

Fill up the little nest with love,
And all its wants relieve,
Among this twilight-tinted grove
Slow waving in the eve.

When wintry tempests from the sky
Frowned on the landscape lone,
We longed to see thy form flit by
As in the summer gone ;

We longed to see the Oriole here,
The Robin and the Jay
Fly thro' the firmament to cheer
Our labor all the day.

And tho' remembrance of past mirth
May with thy songs return,
So many joys with thee have birth,
Remembrance shall not mourn.

The Glade.

How often when weary with labor,
The duty of man unto man,
We open the gates of remembrance
Where infancy's rivulets ran.
Even now while the sun over Huron
Gives evening a lovelier hue,
The spirit of nature reminds me
Of the glade where the dandelions grew.

One beautiful morning in may-time,
When birds were preparing for June,
Some red willows waved in the breezes
That rippled a little lagoon.
The sky was embellished with azure,
With flowers the landscape and dew,
We chose our companions and wandered
To the glade where the dandelions grew.

My choice was celestially favored,
She baffled art's exquisite touch;
Ye scarcely could fancy the angels
Surpassed her in loveliness much;
When she gave me the pearl-tinted lily
Born white in the water of blue;
As she gave me her beauty forever
In that glade where the dandelions grew.

Though many a pain has distorted
A heart that was happiest then,
I remember our mirth as we sported
At hide-and-go-seek in the glen.
The lingering twilight of heaven
Bade nature a blushing adieu,
Ere we came from the lake in the valley,
The glade where the dandelions grew.

The cloud which arose on that eve
Was spray from adversity's wave;
But her tenderness made me believe
In a heaven this side of the grave:

And so few are the scenes of rejoicing
That fancy delights to review
The first of the fields that were fragrant,
The glade where the dandelions grew.

I never returned to that valley,
I never shall go there again;
The change that came over the real
Would make the remembrance a pain;
But I often look back to its beauty,
And sigh o'er the sweetness we knew,
As we roved among blackberry bushes,
In that glade where the dandelions grew.

I mingle with jesting and laughter,
Because a sad spirit will ache;
For the love of this life and hereafter,
Lies buried alone by the lake;
Alone in the valley of yarrow,
Away where the waters are blue,
Away from all human returning,
In the glade where the dandelions grew.

And you who have much speculation,
Who struggle for bread or for gain,
Till the beautiful love of your boyhood
Has almost forsaken your brain,
Even you have your moments romantic
In crowds and the counting house too,
Some scene that is lovelier than lucre,
Some glade where the dandelions grew.

Milking Time.

'Twas Indian summer eve serene,
I wandered in those ways
The spotted kine in clover green
Were daily wont to graze.
I placed the bars up well to keep
Her cows from roving home;
Then strolled along the piney steep,
And waited her to come.

She came advancing down the lane,
Knee-deep among the fern;
I heard her call her kine in vain,
For how could they return?
Her dress, of greenish calico,
Which she had most outgrown;
On shoulders where the white shone thro'
Like lilies on a lawn.

I asked her of my vagrant herd,
Which never did exist;
She said, "There are some objects blurred
Down in the valley mist;"

Slow pointing one small hand away
Towards her father's lot;
But ere we reached that valley grey
Both errands were forgot.

We neither heard the Whip-poor-will,
Nor sullen Owl repine;
Her hand, remembrance holds it still,
Was gently clasped in mine.
A Robin chanted of his brood,
It may have been a Wren—
We had no special aptitude
To hear his hymns just then.

No doubt the river fell to rhyme.
Below the boughs agleam,
While we, among the mists sublime,
Arose to the supreme.
O, rising moon, O, secret moon,
How much thou hast to tell,
If thou couldst like a Druid croon,
Or murmur like a shell!

Time Was.

TIME was, my Annie, years agone,
(Ah me, what weariness since then!)
When shone with fairer light the sun,
And my first love for thee was green;
Not that e'en now I love thee less,
No time can dim thy loveliness;
But ah, the world and years have made
A change that makes my heart afraid!

Time was, my Annie, when your face
Was all worth living for, I deemed;
Nor beautiful nor time nor place
Where you were not—yea, so it seemed.

Time was, my Annie, when your voice
Was my sole music of the spheres,
It left my memory no choice
But just to follow all these years.

Time was, my Annie,—ah, I ween
That time thou too rememb'rest well;—
And tho' an ocean rolls between,
Yet do I feel your beauty's spell.

Time was, my Annie,—but no more!
Why to mine eyes upstarts the tear?
Has time forgot that it before
Taught me my solitude to bear?

A Sigh.

How strange, whatever makes us blest
Can mar the bliss it gives,
By planting in the tender breast
A thorn that never leaves.

'Tis strange, what gives us most delight
Can its own hope destroy,
And hurl the spirit from the height
Of its unfinished joy.

Why doth the heart, with so much room
For peace, yet grieve? Ah, why
Do joys, like fragile jasmine, bloom
To dazzle and to die?

The crumpled rose-leaves of the past,
No summer may restore;
A bough once broken in the blast,
May bud and bloom no more.

Yet sometimes, when the sun is low,
Escaping from a cloud,
Back o'er past day an airy glow
Is for a space allowed.

So fancy sometimes comes again,
Too constant to forget,
And kindles with a rosy stain
The shadow of regret.

Husking Bees.

WHEN rosy Sol rolls eastern night away,
And pearly dews gleam in the early day;
When thistlebeards triumphant ride the breeze,
And golden sunbeams kindle golden trees.
Where bright October comes with copious horn
To crown the furrows with abundant corn—
As if the Summer hesitates to go,
But, joined to Autumn, both together glow
On heaps of fruit that gild the yellow yard;
And grapes all gracious yielding sweet reward;
With apples red strewn round, that look about
Like a boy's face with mischief bursting out—
Then have we seen and joined the jocund frays,
A youthful party husking yellow maize;
There laughter too, comes "holding both his sides,"
And by those games elected future brides.
The modest maiden hangs her head to find
The crimson symbol of her lover's mind;
Slyly refusing that he should redeem
The forfeit pledge with many a stifled scream;
Pretended poutings over stolen kisses
From make-believe-resisting rosy misses—
O early gladness, by whatever name
We call thee, thou art better far than fame,
Or all the joys that visit us in vain
Among the passing years of hardening pain.

October.

SOME withered weeds and cornstalks dry
Sway 'neath the mossy cottage gable.
Expecting storms the forests sigh
Where sullen clouds are rolling sable.
A black crow on a blighted pine
Calls boldly unto flocks high flying;
The world seems restless, and a sign
Of dimness tells us time is dying.
Far up the blue Canadian crane
Slow sails thro' evening's crimson curtain,
He seeks the sedgy swale again,
When moonshine renders shores uncertain.
Among the dark green orchard grass
The sanguine sumac boughs are swinging,
The flowers are dead, and dirges pass
From tree to tree where leaves are clinging.
How wonderful, and dim, and drear
And unexplained is all around us!
We call for hopes that disappear,
Then mourn the echoes that confound us.
Ah well, 'tis better: could we guess
One half the heart is fierce for knowing,
The world would lose its loveliness,
And Cupid quit his arrow-throwing.
Let mercy's mystery softly pall
The future's coffined corpses thickly;
If from our eyes the film should fall
O close the cruel curtain quickly.

November.

(A DIRGE).

THE old oak tree is dying;
The storm-tanned branch of centuries is bare,
Its bark is riven from the limbs and lying
Afar and near.
The last dark robe of Summer foliage flying,
Withered and sere.

Departing songsters gather
High on the branches ere they haste away,
A farewell chanting to the frigid ether,
And fading day;
To sport no more where yellow beeches wither,
No longer gay.

And sullenly assuming
His throne to vindicate the summer past,
Stern Autumn stops the thunder's distant booming
And lightning blast,
While from the north the dreary clouds are coming
Sombre and vast.

The little cricket's singing
Sounds lonely in the crisp and yellow leaves,
Like bygone tones of tenderness upbringing
A thought that grieves;
A bell upon a ruined turret ringing
On Sabbath eves.

The tempest-loving raven,
Pilot of storms across the silent sky,
Soars loftily along the heaving heaven
With doleful cry,
Utt'ring lone dirges: thistle beards are driven
Where the winds sigh.

And yet here is a flower
Still lingering, by changing nature spared;
And a lone bird within a leafless bower—
Two friends who dared
To share the shadows of misfortune's hour
Though unprepared.

The Little Frame House.

How often there comes to the spirit when lonely
Some picture of beauty to gladden our toil,
Some rose of wrecked prospects left blossoming only
In thistles and thorns of adversity's soil.
And fadelessly fancy retains the reflection,
Like an agate agleam in the midst of a rill;
A house in the valley of vernal perfection
The little frame house at the foot of the hill.

A meadow of reeds and a stream running thro' it,
Where speckled fish sport, and the orioles throng
In a grove whose red shades in October bestrew it
And fleck the blue waters that wander along

But it is not the scene that most beauty abides in,
O it is not the flowers that such odors distil
Reviving remembrance, but one who resides in
The little frame house at the foot of the hill.

Her voice is as sweet as the voice of the robin
Which sings by that stream in the still ruby eves;
Her heart is the purest that ever did throb in
A beautiful breast for the love it relieves.
Her words are the kindest that ever connected
Two fates with the magical sentence I will;
No wonder my thoughts are so often directed
To the little frame house at the foot of the hill.

O Sol, shed the glow of thy beautiful glory,
Rise mornings of light and beam evenings of peace,
Come flowers and music, and make her life's story
A heart full of love every day to increase!
And O let the choice of her heart be unswerving
In all that gives hope its most exquisite thrill,
For wide earth contains not a maid more deserving
Than the little frame house at the foot of the hill.

The Old Number Four Plow.

LAST time I returned to my father's plantation
The light on the landscape was vividly green,
The breezes were filled with the sweet exhalation
Of flowers and song and the sky was serene;

My spirit rejoiced in the beauty of summer,
And fancy took flights unattempted before,
But suddenly sank when I saw a new comer
Had taken the place of the old Number Four.

My joy was dispelled by the shadow of sorrow
As all the reverses arose to my view,
Since steering the plow with its share like an arrow,
Its iron-bound beam and its handles of blue.
How often afield when the crimson of morning
Made golden the mist on night's shadowy shore,
As the wood-robin welcomed the daylight returning,
I turned the brown furrow with old Number Four.

And all the day blest with the thrilling reflection
That soon as the eventide slowly drew near,
By chance I would meet with the blushing perfection
Of golden-haired Anna, the tenderly dear;
And wander with her in the beauty a sharer,
'Neath a roseate sky round earth's flowery floor,
Till earth seemed to fade and the heaven come nearer
The field that was furrowed by old Number Four.

Perhaps, after all, 'tis this rose of our spirits,
Plucked out of life's wormwood, yet gathered in vain,
That gives the old plow such a halo of merits,
Being mingled with joys that return not again.
My heart fondly turns from life's wearisome changes
And beats for the beauty that blest it of yore,
And loves to remember, whenever it ranges,
The rapture connected with old Number Four.

A Midnight Reverie.

DARK winds forbode advancing storms
To sift them over hill and home;
Fancy is rife with phantom forms,
And this dim room.

The bloom of flame is fading cold;
Things eerie flit across the floor;
Deeper and deeper drifts are rolled
Against the door.

What form is this that Fancy sees?
It sets each listening pulse athrill!
Rest spectral Fancy, if you please,
Rest and be still.

'Twas but the fading ember flame
Hath made that other fire revive,—
But, something syllabled her name,
As I do live!

Behold her as the blushes stain
Her soul-lit brows—O sad pure eyes
That less of earthliness contain
Than of the skies.

She came from hills where crimson trees
Are red as flame round some high fane;
But to the priestess more than these
Arose my strain.

She entertained me in her house
With songful tomes of bards like gods,
In rooms bedecked with ferny boughs
And golden rods.

O'er clover fields the moon-beams fell,
An old dog howled out on the hill;
I bade my heart heed not that knell—
O heart be still!

Thy hopes were verified if heaven
Were loved as she who gave me there
Of golden rods the mystic seven,
Ah she is fair!

But as of old they garland-bound
Victims for sacrificial fanes,
So my mute hope with flowers she crowned
And crucial chains.

Are poets haunted like a hall
Where spectres smile because they grieve?
Some nectar bring and some bring gall,
These last ne'er leave;

They dance along the withered sward,
They gather to the feast that was;
They suffer of their own accord
For broken laws;

They sigh like winds that bode of storms,
As rumbling hearses empty come;
Regrets are they for whose dim forms
Death has no tomb.

The Bridge.

(STRABANE).

WHEN midnight o'er a world of June was brooding
Like music in a melancholy dream,
A Presence came before me; unobtruding
Her glance was, as a firmamental gleam.

Lone on a rural bridge, where silent water
Imaged the majesty of azure space,
I stood while star-bespangled mystery brought her
Who is this world's one emblem of its grace.

Her voice celestial music to my musing,
As if night sang while nature thrilled to hear,
With aching joy, heart-hushed for dread of losing
Tones that might cause despair to disappear.

I who long gone made friends of stars by learning
Their lore, yet feared, tho' the loved Presence spake
Gently as moonlight the mild deep adorning;
"I too, like thee, am nameless, therefore, Lake,

I do baptize thee 'neath the stars of heaven,
With trees for sponsors and with hills serene;
Loch Katrine art thou, and thy name is given
In compliment to one who is thy queen.

Many have been baptized who disappointed
The hopes of those who loved, but thou art true
To rites for which thy nature was annointed
In silent eloquence and flowery dew.

Rolling thy mists o'er mountain grove and valley,
Turning the artful wheels in aid of toil,
Cheering the songsters who around thee rally,
Veiling the speckled crew we would embroil.

Great deeds may yet adorn thee in the ages
When mortals bow to Mammon's creed no more;
The time will come again when seers and sages
Shall cleanse truth's temple as One did of yore.

Man was not made to dwindle and to perish
In sordid greed whereby the soul is slain;
Surely a lordlier aim is ours, to cherish
A loftier life, else are we born in vain.

To help to build the temple we inherit
Tho' done in ways obscure, O stream, as thine,
Must be the mission worthy of a spirit
Whose birth and destiny are both divine.

Yet some high souls in spite of lore's elation
Are cramped by minions to a sordid state,
As thou art by thy banks in isolation;
Therefore in sympathy with such a fate

I do baptize thee 'neath the stars of heaven;
Bow trees responsive, hear it waves serene;
Loch Katrine art thou, and thy name is given
In compliment to one who is thy queen."

To One Whom I Offended.

In the days of past dreams when I chanted
Of beauty, 'twas fancy did feign ;
But the light that thy spirit hath planted
In mine must forever remain.
To the thirsty in deserts, the springing
Of fountains, and flowers and the sea,
So thy voice set my destiny singing,
I never loved any but thee.

When we met 'twas to me as the beaming
Of Spring, when the lilies awake !
Thine eyes lit the future like gleaming
Of stars in a desolate lake.
Tho' around us is many a token
Of the peace I have failed to foresee,
I can see that my idol is broken,
Is broken in kindness to thee.

I may soon be in scenes where the muses
May burden thy beauty no more
Than a star-beam that daylight diffuses,
Or a billow rolled back from the shore.
As a ship that goes downward while groping
For a shore in the shadow, to me
There 's an end, not to loving, but hoping,
For I never loved any but thee.

To a Beautiful Stranger.

FAIR maiden take it not amiss
That one when first he saw thine eyes
Partook some portion of their bliss
Who dwell in peárly Paradise.

They hint of more than earth can show,
Or queens enthroned in old romance;
And all the glories poets know
Are shadows fading from thy glance.

I pass thee by, nor look again,
Because thy purity of gaze
Rebukes me, as a sacred strain
Heard ere I fell on evil days;
Yet one to worship eyes like thine
May have some attribute divine.

Snow Birds in the Sugar-Bush.

I DO remember one dim morn
When we had lost our way,
So deep the midnight snowflakes lodged
On every branch and spray.

All things were bowed in worship of
A white ethereal shade,
Cedar and pine and hemlock, each
A mute obeisance made.

The chickadee plained tenderly,
And the audacious jay—
There's not much sentiment in him;
But he sang well that day.

Chasing the melancholy owl
Back to his thicket dim;
Because the owl is minus mirth,
The jays make mirth of him.

A Wintry Brook by Moonlight.

(ROBERTSON'S FARM).

NEATH scarfs of crystal fringe by frost enwoven
Where icy lace of gauze festoons the fern ;
At times detained by cold, by boulders cloven,
It glides along with many a mazy turn.

Thro' boughs of opalescent radiation,
Begemmed in vapory braids of misty gleam ;
Gilding the stones, as clouds are, near the station
Of stars, which shine like stones in time's blue stream.

Not to disturb the flowers it wonders stilly,
Without a song save what the heart may hear ;
The heart feels sad for fear the rose is chilly,
The rose that was so redolent last year.

Its beauty renders memory a presence,
Lighting the adverse wind, as doth a dawn
Lantern the dark, and so its fragrant essence
Revives the loveliness of days long gone.

Perchance, if the infinitude of splendor,
O heart, is also here, let it cheer thee ;
To know thy hopes, like flowers for cold too tender,
By frost deferred, may yet more radiant be.

Song.

FAR over us softly the fleecy clouds flow,
The river rejoices in verdure below,
But there is a secret yet dearer to me,
It's O to belong to a being like thee!
I long to delay in the light of thy smile
As a sailor for rest by some roseate isle,
As a sailor looks out for his home from the sea,
For it's O to belong to a being like thee;
Ah, the rose loses fragrance, the blossoms we prize,
Delay not for love of their beautiful dyes;
But thou art my summer wherever we be
Singing, O to be loved by a being like thee!

THEY say the lilies bloom as sweet,
The wild birds warble as of yore;
But list'ning for thine absent feet,
I cannot hear them any more.
If thou could'st with the roses come,
Or as the spring to some fair shore
The world would wear a richer bloom
Than any Eden ever wore.
I urged me lately to revive
Some accents of that happy tone,
Which was thyself, but who can hive
Its fragrance when the summer's flown?
I find the roses where we roved,
Are pale for want of light, and prone;
All nature mourns for my beloved,
Gifted, and beautiful, and gone.

A Sunlit Rain.

FRESH foilage waving
High over green paving,
While red clouds are laving
White sails in the blue,
Like rose-barges, flowing
From Eden, bestowing
God's argosies, glowing
With opaline dew.

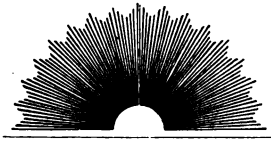
Lo, yonder the showers
Go, trailing soft dowers
To far away bowers,
Florescent of hues—
Dream sunward in shady
Effulgence of mayday,
A skyey Arcadian
Home for the muse.

The spirit of musing
Awakens, perusing
The lovely transfusing
Of vivified air,
Rejoiced that yon ocean
Of glory in motion,
Allures to devotion
Like Israel's stair.

For evening is ending
In emerald blending
With jacinth transcending
Jerusalem's wall
Whose gates are left slightly
Ajar, and so brightly
Some throne-rays fall lightly
In rainbows o'er all.

One rainbow of red dew
And green, o'er yon meadow
Is wedding the shadow
Of rain to the sun,
With ring symbols given
By opulent heaven
To vindicate even
The storm that is gone.

No wonder mute nature,
With joy in each feature,
Half dumb like some creature
Subdued by surprise,
Looks up to the azure
In evident pleasure,
And takes the great treasure
With tears in her eyes.



Stanzas.

OME children are quitting
Their pastime regretting
The gloaming and flitting
Of robins to rest;
And slyly a lover
Wends hopefully over
A field of sweet clover
To one who is best.

Hail delicate greeting!
Such moments of meeting
Are ever too fleeting,
Too happy to stay:
Hail, reason and science
In every appliance!
But life's first alliance
Is purest alway.

For often its promise
No sooner goes from us
Than cares overcome us
To vanish no more,
Except when some vision
Reveals with precision
The lovely elysian
We long to restore.

Then woo her awhile ere
Thy lovely beguiler,
Or time the defiler
May wither the bloom:
A little while longer,
When reason grows stronger,
The great ironmonger
Called duty will come.

Will come with the paling
Of roses, in wailing
Of breezes assailing
Florescence like fire;
And all that is gay for
A season will stay for
No prayer, nor delay for
A poet's desire.

When reading of folly
And passion unholy,
Or mute melancholy
That follows lost love,
One vowed he would master
That foolish disaster;
But his heart beats faster
Than sense would approve.

To the Grand River, Paris.

WRITTEN AT ROCKAWAY BEACH, L.I.

"Love still has something of the sea
From whence his mother rose."

THIS ocean's starlit shadows
Unto the muses seem
Like marigolds in meadows,
Far by a western stream.

'Tis years since I beheld thee,
Thou home of nature's heart,
For destiny compelled me
To rove in lands apart.

By islands green in azure,
Where vast St. Lawrence rolls;
In temples where men treasure
The gifts that lore unfolds.

And by this lone Atlantic,
Or Hudson mountains high,
And Palisades romantic
Loom grey towards the sky.

And in the ceaseless thunder,
Of power that cannot pause;
Niagara whose wonder
A thousand pilgrims draws.

Yet, Paris, from such places
  True memory would glide
Back to thy glades and graces,
  And set those scenes aside,

And tenderly rekindle
  Thy blooms till they return,
As, when soft daybeams dwindle,
  The lamps celestial burn,

Thy moonlit streams adorning
  With stars that love to stay,
Till God's red angel, Morning,
  Translates them into day,

With charms that need no changing—
  If dawn would leave its dyes—
When Gabriel's re-arranging
  The world for Paradise.

By Nith where aspens quiver
  In dews of scarlet, sheen,
And by the grand old River,
  The glory of the scene.

Shining on memory's arras,
  Thro' undulating braes,
Till few surpass thee Paris
  Of lands that poets praise.

A youth, with books of muses
  Did often wander there;
In dreams that fate refuses
  Because for earth too fair.

Fair as the wistful maiden
  Who on thy banks did dwell;
Whose blush his spirit stayed in,
  Like color in a shell.

She ruled a world of roses,
  With purple eyes, and hair,
Such as pure vision shows us
  In angel worlds they wear.

To the Same.

ONCE more the white sun out of heaven descending,
  From valley and summit is herding his beams;
But ere they are folded in twilight impending,
  He leaves them to lave in this marvel of streams.

Wind softly, wave slowly by islands of splendor,
  The angels of color come hither to lave,
Revere those immortals, the strong are the tender;
  O River majestic be gentle of wave.

Be glad they prefer thee at evening and morning,
  And also when moonlight o'ersilvers the scene
With something resembling supernal adorning
  Of lilies illuming thy roseate sheen!

Wherein as in mirrors, the stars are transplanted,
  The star-lands celestial are blooming with thine;
Ah! why art thou left in, thy channel unchanted
  While thousands re-echo the praise of the Rhine?

Yet tho' no famed bard by thy water has wandered,
With anthems triumphant like Tiber of old;
No Burns on thy braes o'er his destiny pondered;
Thy shores will be sought and thy story be told.

A poet will rise from the oncoming ages,
His advent resembling the dawning of flame,
With thee this strong minstrel shall brighten his pages,
And set thy deep waves to the music of fame.

A Broken Nest.

'Tis ruined, by a sad mischance,
Your house of floss, and elegance
Of leaves, wherein you lived.
How often good intents are vain!
So have I harmed you, and your strain,
Like mine, is truly grieved.

Gold, if we had it to invest,
Could never buy another nest,
That such as you would live in;
For you, like all the songful kind,
Are less to trafficking inclined
Than lilting up to heaven.

But, lo, there's many a floral spot
Deep in this arborescent grot
To build another nest in;
Yet am I sad for what is done,
Since you have foes,—ah who has none?
Of that there is no question.

So had your fellow once—a mouse,
Lost all his labor and his house
  Which he had framed together,
By ploughman Burns, your fellow bard,
And being kind he took it hard
  Because of wintry weather.

He much deplored that manhood's might
Encroaches on the creature's right,
  And blamed our misbehaviour ;
Then drew a likeness twixt his fate,
And of the mouse made desolate,
  'Twas in the mouse's favor.

Burns might have mentioned in that ode
The lofty attributes bestowed
  On him above the brute ;
His singing soul that ever lifts
His fellows with transcendent gifts
  Was of its future mute.

But you have plenty summer yet,
Hence do not in misfortune fret,
  Nor croon unhappy hymns :
Time and yourself can cure your loss
With maidenhair and golden moss
  Among securer limbs.

I seldom hint advice, but, thrush,
Build on some brook-o'erhanging bush,
  Or pond that lilies float on ;
But not so near a human home,
For I perceive your troubles come,
  Like mine, from those we dote on.

October Woods.

Its soft leaves wound me with a grief
Whose balsam never grew.

—*Emerson.*

OCTORER, like the fallen robe
Of inspiration, clothes the globe
In marvellous array;
While he, Elijah of the sky,
Chief priest of nature, upon high
Wheels his unhindered way.

"Who is this king of morning?" Sol,
A monarch immemorial,
Uunrivalled and alone;
Triumphant-glancing, incense flame
Before him, ceaseless, first of fame,
He fills his skyey throne.

Bow tree, ye trembling maples mix
Lush garlands over vernal creeks;
  Bow lowly and behold
Inverted firmaments agleam
Commingling in a carmine stream.
  And uncomputed gold.

These ancient maple aisles, and pine,
Filled full of morn refulgent shine
  Like light from painted panes
Of old cathedrals' sainted glass,
In here where countless Sabbaths pass
  Uncheered by Sabbath strains.

"What are those strains?" to understand
That happiness is near at hand,
  And to the peaceful clings:
That wisdom's ways are not of war,
And peace is preferable far
  To all ambition brings.

Make way ye filmy clouds, ye leaves,
With innate glory tinged, and eve's
  Low to the valley come;
Some eddy slow in hazy air
As loth to leave a realm so fair,
  Resembling pride; for some

With scarlet garlands mantle o'er
The fragrant forest's vermil floor,
  Relieved by tufts of grass;
In places worn completely through,
Where cattle to the liquid blue
  To quench their thirstings pass.

And so this month, as beautiful
As a disrobing bride, lets fall
  Her exquisite array,
While Sol, her bridegroom from the sky
Enkindles all her charms, we sigh,
  O stay, sweet creature, stay !

Some dew upon the feathery ferns
Remains till eventide returns
  Enflamed like diamond stone ;
The songs of all the birds that sing
The thoughtless gladness of the Spring
  Now take a farewell tone.

So Fall resembles the regret
Of one whose duty would not let
  His heart its hope obtain ;
To whom the gods have been unkind
But who, by innate force of mind,
  Has baffled them and pain.

For tho' the land by summer blest,
And every bird hath done its best
  To cheer from hill to shore ;
Why is there in the midst of this
A something which we always miss ?
  A song we hear no more ?

Is it that one is far away
Who is to memory as the day,
  A light wherein we see
A life above the life we live,
A life which peace alone can give,
  A life with such as thee ?

To a Friend.

ONE day when some demons were making
A home in my spirit for pain,
And hope appeared bent upon taking
His flight to return not again,
There came in my presence a vision
Who spoke such kind words of concern,
Those demons withdrew their derision,
And hope had a mind to return.

Review every verdurous valley
By rivulets golden and blue,
Where starbeams with daisy-buds dally,
When dawning makes diamonds of dew;
Alas, for the fame of their beauty
Can ne'er with her kindness compare,
Who made it her delicate duty
To feel for a sinner in care.

Bring vintage vivacious in flavor,
With spikenard and spices of mint,
Wild syrup translucent of savor,
In redolent flagons aglint,
Bring nectar of roses, assorted
From the kingdom of eglantine June;
And with love be her harper transported,
For a dance in the light of the moon.

For her dancing resembles devotion,
And a sermon to such as condemn;
And a vapor in zephyry motion,
And lilies to lovers of them.
Of mignionette and of roses
Men think when they think about her;
And straightway her presence discloses
Such feelings as anthems confer.

From looms of the east should her dresses
Be woven, of tyrian stain;
And of shell-tinted satin; her tresses
Looped up with a diamonded chain.
A zone for her waist, which is fairer
Than parian statues of Greece;
And these may the gods to the wearer
Be frequently pleased to increase.

'Twere rude to bedim a new spirit
By hinting of hoping in vain;
Yet sorrow may come, even merit
Oft groans on a pillow of pain;
Then may you rely on a being,
All trusty when troubles decend;
No butterfly flatterer, fleeing
From storms, but forever a friend.

My Schoolmate.

FRAGRANT winds o'er Flamboro blowing,
Green the dandelioned lea;
Azure golden river flowing
Where she went to school with me.

Here's the Hall, the garden yonder,
Here the gate from which, to be
Severed leagues, we both did wander,
Since she went from school and me.

Years have flown like blossoms thither,
From our tysting lilac tree;
Every fall they earlier wither
Since she went to school with me.

Drooping vines the arbor shading
Where the wren sang; where is she?
Fall is for her absence fading
Since she went from school and me.

Through yon bars the herd is straying,
And her milk pail by the tree
Rusts because of her delaying,
Since she went to school with me.

I alone of all the parted
Come to gaze and sigh to see
How the sunshine seems down-hearted,
Since she went from school and me.

Joe.

I AM roving along by the plow,
The plow that you used to hold
When a blue bird sang in a maple bough,
In the days already old.

We buried your boy on the hill,
Because he to evil inclined;
He was witty and active and comely until
Iniquity weakened his mind.

Your wife is yet waiting for you,
So come from your region of vice;
It is certain she's ever been constent and true,
For she never got married but twice.

I will write you a letter ere long
In view that your morals will mend;
For I fear, since your reason was never quite strong,
You may come to a terrible end.

The evening is turning to grey
Like moss on the edge of a shroud;
And a whip-poor-will sings such a pitiful lay
That the moon wipes her eyes with a c oud.

Dead Beat's Hymn.

HO! each dull wretch that feels a stitch
'Neath memory's ribs to see
The numerous glorious chances which
May come no more to thee;
Let us sue heaven for a divorce
From recollection's pains;
O for a respite from remorse
High on empyrean plains!

I long to live in Paradise
For reasons of my own,
There swarms of duns can never rise,
There bailiffs are unknown.
Strike all your harps, ye debtors poor,
Ye creditors be still,
For death can settle every score
And pay that little bill.

I long to live in Paradise
In mansions free of rent;
No water rates, nor wine excise—,
No money cent per cent;
And there, at last, I have been told,
Small debts are never due
To those who larceny for gold,
That hard usurious crew.

Instead of such hosanna choirs
Of seraphim all fair,
To soothe the aching heart's desires,
If there are aches up there;
In streets illumined not with gas—
O pearl and golden streets,
Where all your dreams shall come to pass,
Ye desolate dead beats!

No more they'll sue our signature
To that protested bill,
Because the bank's forever sure
On Zion's golden hill;
We will not then, ye poor give praise!
Be forced to shun or sham,
By dodging down the alleyways
Of New Jerusalem.

If Eden's fairer than that shore
Where first love's roses shone,
I'll not regret to go there more
Than some that I have gone;
For tho' twas gay on streams of flags
To sport in youth's green spring,
But, O, life's river's full of snags,
And all that sort of thing.

We will not snub you, Azrael,
If ye should come for good;
For then my foes may turn from bale
Who erstwise scarcely would,

To where they lent their earthly stores,
E'en they may follow soon—
'Twere peace to see our creditors
Beyond the starry moon.

Bouquet.

THIS pink was given to me by Bell
Alone one day in June;
So much she grieved to say farewell
I knew she'd marry soon.

This tuberose gentle Josie gave;
Its leaves no longer ope—
I think it grew on love's young grave,
The epitaph of hope.

Fan urged me never to forget
This flag she soon forgot;
She was an excellent coquette
And earned a lonely lot.

Move on dear tramps o'er memory's waste,
Mute Hagers of the mind;
Farewell—too far to be embraced,
Too near to be resigned.

Josie.

SHE scarce could smile for laughing
To think of me, but when
Our parting chalice quaffing,
We were not mirthful then.
Then was her smile withholden
Because of our distress,
As evening flowers fold in
Their fragrant loveliness.

We spake no words of cheering,
Words were so out of place,
So pensively endearing
The palor of her face.
How strange, the kindred blending
Of souls in tenderness,
Should ever have an ending
So desolate as this.

Some vesper birds were chanting
About the setting sun,
As if they were lamenting
Our happiness undone;
As if they sang; adieu, love,
It is in vain to now,
I cannot be untrue love,
But all is ended now.

The Spinning Wheel.

HERE is the vale, the elm tree and the oak,
All leaf-crowned still—
The old log barn! ah, it was here awoke
My heart's first thrill.
Here was life's sunniest spot, the fond low tone,
Hope's bliss made real,
All ruled by one whose slaves were hearts, whose throne
A spinning wheel.

'Twas on the wheat-floor of this same old barn,
One morning, she
Set me to hold a skein of tangled yarn,
And tangled me.
Yes, it was here the fairy came to spin,
And I to reel
The long, long thread from love's commingled skein
Round Fate's strange wheel.

All the perfection sixteen Junes could shed
Was her sweet share.
Soft auburn glories clustered round her head—
Ah, she was fair!
Yet did not seem to know the thread she spun
With so much zeal,
Was the beginning of a finer one
By that same wheel.

Though I have been afar my heart will pay
A reverence still,
E'en to this old neglected barn of grey
Beside the hill.
And often as the spirits of the year
Fresh flowers reveal,
Thro' memory's pleasing avenues I hear
The spinning wheel.

Old Stephen.

(A DIRGE.)

LE labor laid by till we sing of old Stephen,
A song he deserves, and a spell of the muse;
The faults of his life may you never believe in,
Nor his who recounts them; but do as you choose.

Old Stephen believed it was wrong to be sober—
Alas, 'tis the creed of too many we know—
As his heart was not hard, like a clod in October,
He often got high to keep memory low.

I knew of his orchard, wherein, a mere urchin,
I often delayed my inspection until
The schoolmaster taught me the weight of his birch, in
His schoolhouse that stood by a tree on the hill.

That school, where I dreaded to go as to prison,
With tasks still unlearned, when a bell did recall
Our steps to the class, and the taws and the lesson:
Some picture maps hung on the pencil-marked wall.

His portrait resembled the picture of Pluto,
Which hung by the door of my grandfather's hall;
His head was an orange tinge, countenance ditto,
But great was the heart that beat under it all.

So peaceful was he that you could not excite him,
So learned that starvation oft stood by his door,
So honest that all men delighted to cheat him,
The consequence was, he died perfectly poor.

In the desolate boneyard they buried his body—
His spirit had left it some evenings before—
He died in his rocking-chair, sipping hot toddy,
The toddy was spilled on the dining-room floor.

No more will the dinner-horn call him to supper,
No more will the barnfloor resound to his flail;
No more ride his horse with a grist to the hopper,
Nor tend to the sugar bush over the swale.

Regret is not great for the loss of the lovely,
The poor are expected to yield up their breath;
He paid unto nature the debt of his folly;
And took a receipt from the angel of death.

Yet fate makes us ponder, for once he was pure;
His childhood dear reader was cherished like thine,
We all may sail down immorality's sewer,
Or sing with white seraphs forever divine.

Lines to a Lady.

You look like the maid who delighted my fancy,
When beauty first kindled its delicate joy;
She came to our barnyard one harvest with Nancy,
Our sister was Nancy when I was a boy.

Her cheeks wore the shell-blushe's garland of lilies,
Her step put the fawn of the forest to shame;
Her voice—Oh, her voice, was as brooklets in valleys,
Those eyes! to explain them were certainly of fame

Bewildered, I blushed to face such a beholder,
Just come from a logging bee down on our farm;
A fork full of hay dangled over one shoulder,
An armful of provender under one arm.

My garb was besmeared, and my hat hung in tatters,
Drawn over a countenance comely but dim—
The hat, once a silk one, so long from the hatters,
But little was left save the ribbon and rim.

All this she beheld and did kindly endeavor,
To banish the symptoms of boyish distress;
Then came the sweet truth that will linger forever,
That women of worth never slight a poor dress.

Thus wisdom sublime, and experience taught me,
That sensitive worth is most easily hurt;
And honor in patches a parable brought me:
The meanest of men often wear the best shirt.

The Bathing Star.

**

'TWAS June, and I as usual at even
Was loitering over nature's loveliness,
When roses pale and stars dilate in heaven,
And birds are still, pained by the sweet excess.

Dreamful reposing on a bank obscurely
I did not notice till too late to leave—
Comparison with seraphim would poorly
Bode forth the form that river did receive.

Haloed in nimbus, tho' her robes fell round her,
Softly like Hesper's shade of purple shine,
The vestal tendril's lovingly enwound her,
Whereat one spirit longed to be a vine.

The shore, as to the willing wave she waded,
Was sentiently jealous of the wave;
And similarly was a soul invaded—
The luxury of loveliness to lave.

The sandals from my feet I loosed, believing
The scene was sacred as the burning bush
Of Ethiope's exile, and removed conceiving
Spirits unseen were hovering in its hush.

A faith in angel's visits some may censure;
But underneath those purple veils of hair,
I mused, while wending homeward, peradventure
Wings may have been—I have no doubt they were.

Wedding Cake.

ONCE, it did not seem that thou
Wouldst ever *send* this morsel rare!
The crust looks savory, but just now
I have no appetite to share.

A golden-edged wrapper and contents
Tied with an azure-silken twine—
"Mr. and Mrs'. compliments;"
And this is all that may be mine.

No need to tell me that "the bride
Looked lovely robed in mauvy white"
I learned that on the mountain side,
And won her in the pale moonlight.

'Tis said they travel on a tour
Until the honeymoon's away;
Ah well! I wish them joy I'm sure;
We all must journey far some day.

Here is a ring, a wreath, a rose,
And some fond verses with them given;
O the sweet song! I wished my foes,
When first I heard it, all in heaven.

Be still, my heart; a slice of cake,
The labelled remnant of devotion,
Ought not in common reason, shake
Thy pulse to such a strange emotion.

To the Hudson.

AMONG the many dreams of young ambition
Was one that she who should all else excel,
Would like some goddess ruling lost elysian,
High on the mountains of the Hudson dwell.

Broad stream of molten beryl, and gold, inspiring
Doubly all bards who gifted were before
The gazed upon thy grander, the desiring
Of hope has been fulfilled upon thy shore.

Tell her when near thy wave she wanders early—
Mistake her not, O Hudson, for the moon,
Or morn new risen all rich in star-mist pearly,
Bent on a bath, ere day thy hills adorn—

Tell her by flowery signs of airy splendor—
Thou knowest, for she is near to thee, how strong
A poet feels, and deep; and do thou send her
His love, and he'll reward thee with a song:

SONG.

Triumphant was thy nation's grand endeavor
The yoke despised, of slavery, to break
As breaks the summer o'er thee, O great River!
So may the world to liberty awake:

But grant me no such freedom from oppression
Of her enslaving smile, and there will be
No blither twain to grace thy proud procession
From Germantown to the desiring sea.

A Dewdrop.

ONE morning in the season nearly over
Slowly along a forest meadow rolled
Strange shapes of mist above the fading clover,
And all the air held voices unconsoled.

The farewell anthem of a cricket sounded
Regretfully from out the fragrant grass:
In hazy azure dreamy hues abounded,
But thro' it all the morning came to pass.

'Twas then a drop of dew began to glimmer,
More scintillant than any ever seen.
'Twas but one drop in millions, yet its shimmer
Contained the light of every june that's been.

To find the focus of its living splendor
I turned back frequently, alas, in vain,
The gem was gone—no monarch in his grandeur
Could give its glory to that drop again.

'Tis ever so in life; the light excessive
Flashes a transient gleam, and lo, 'tis gone;
And year by year this lesson so impressive
Forever leaves the thoughtful heart more lone.

Ah, well, if irksome solitary duty
Is strengthened by discouragement unseen,
Haply we'll find, while looking for lost beauty,
A faith in what will be from what has been.

Fall Birds.

THE wild geese have observed that now
Their time of flight has come;
And high above the haze they go
Far off to fields of bloom.

The wren forsakes his hollow knot,
Wherein a nest was made,
For waving palms in climates hot
When here the forests fade.

The blackbirds chant the groves among
On vibrant branches sere;
Loquacious, an innumerous throng,
All slowly southward steer.

The golden rod and ferny fronds
In final colors glow;
But fading flags o'er purple ponds
Still bathe in blue below.

The whip-poor-will alone at night
His vigil did console,
With lilting strange, in stary flight
Has sought a southern goal.

No comrade, poet, lark, or wren
More welcome than he was,
Beside the stream of some green glen.
To plead his mystic cause.

Ah yes—we blush to recollect—
Some maples do the same—
All other music met neglect
When here the woodthrush came.

And when the winged æolian strain
Took autumn flight from here,
The very verdure strove in vain
To hide each dewy tear.

His songs revive the times of yore
Till hearing seems to see
A brook beside a cottage door
Where two were glad to be.

There grew the same cornation rose
And there the hollyhocks,
A brook along the valley flows
And murmurs over rocks.

Near by an azure mill-pond glowed
Its cedar banks between,
And o'er its blue our boat we rowed,
In autumn's mottled sheen.

Now faney sitting it the shade
Looks out upon that sun,
Pleased with the picture she has made
So delicately done.

And softly breathes a sigh that there,
Nor here, that conjured scene:
O why is nothing half so fair
As that which might have have been?

To a Fancy Picture.

WHEN the glowing west awakens
Thought congenial to that hour;
When the trembling spirit quickens,
With its aesthetic power;

When the bosom is elated
With strange spectres floating by,
Then it was thou wert created,
With too little earth to die.

He who painted thee perchance has
Passed along the waves away;
Still thou art, tho' time advances,
Still thou art the same to-day.

LIKE morn to the water remembrance returns
The bright day I brought her among the low ferns,
Like night to the ocean and storm to the main
My spirit's devotion was darkened to pain.
The scene was secluded and low in a dell,
The wild roses wooed it, with exquisite smell,
Serene was the weather and azure the sky,
We wandered together my chosen and I.

The hope that we cherished has faded away,
Too suddenly perished, too pure to delay;
Henceforth by that river no roses recline,
Thy pathway forever is parted from mine.
The music is ended, the eglantine dead,
Its fragrance ascended forever and fled.
Now changed is the weather the world and the sky,
We go not together, my chosen and I.

In Memory of Anna C.

(OF GREENSVILLE).

ADIEU to thee Anna, forever adieu,
My memory's manna my star of the blue,
A light is in heaven but night follows noon
When those we believe in depart O too soon.

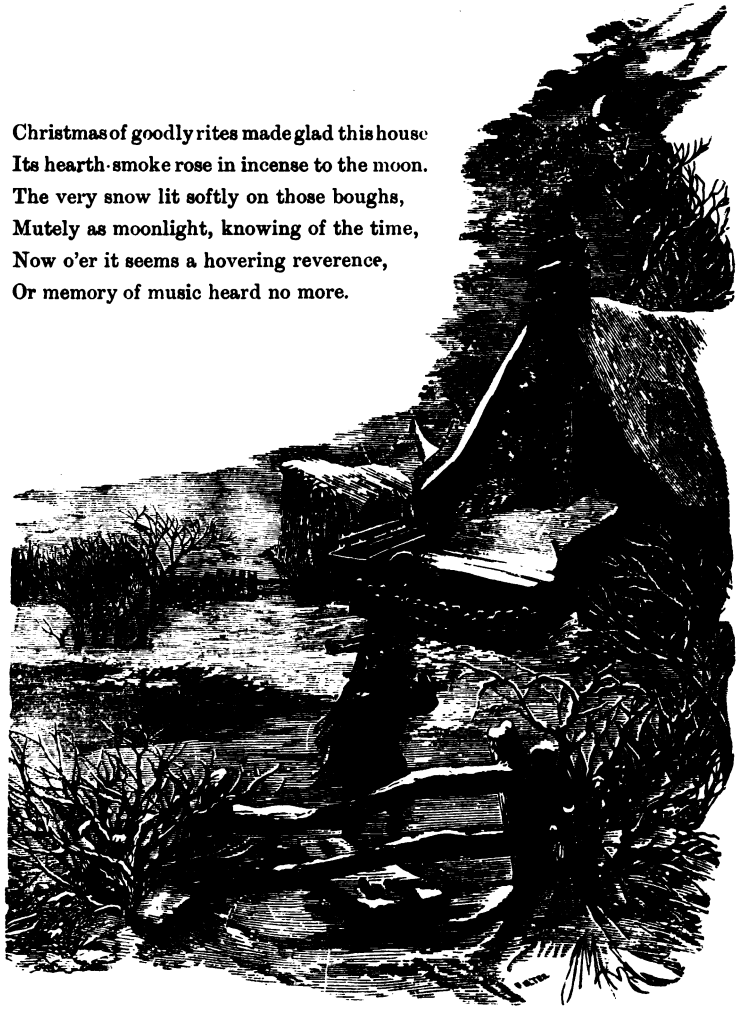
No lovelier vision did ever arise
Than was thy transition from here to the skies,
They knew thou wert hindered below, and alone,
And hence thy high kindred laid claim to their own.

Tho' dreary to sunder forever and aye,
We scarcely do wonder they took thee away;
The rose is not fated, or love, to stay long,
Where souls are not mated excepting in wrong.

My peace to thee, surely 'tis little to give;
Yet ever more purely the love that will live,
'Till passing the portal we hear the same strain
That made thee immortal o'er passion and pain.

'Twere rapture to greet thee in regions all fair,
The seraphim meet thee and welcome thee there,
With harps of laudation beside the bright sea—
In sacred elation forever with thee.

Christmas of goodly rites made glad this house
Its hearth-smoke rose in incense to the moon.
The very snow lit softly on those boughs,
Mutely as moonlight, knowing of the time,
Now o'er it seems a hovering reverence,
Or memory of music heard no more.



Miscellaneous Poems.

Skating and Rowing.

"Trees and flowers and brooks
Which do remember me of where I dwelt
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
My heart with recollection of their looks;
And even at times I fancy I can see
Some living thing to love, but none like thee.'

THIS nameless hamlet in a wilderness
Stood on an upland near a rivulet,
That wending sunward wed a little lake.
Much have we gazed upon of majesty,
In many a famous valley since that day,
But fail to recollect a lovelier vale.
Perchance association's prejudice
Has somewhat biassed judgment; be it so.
This river comes out freshly every dawn
From its bush birth-place duly, trending east
To meet the tyrian morn and dewy green;
Its course one wreathed ovation thro' the vale.
Both shoreways carpeted with sylvan cloth,
Woven by May, and interfiliated
With vapory sheen of her cool vernal breath.
Arches triumphant built, of tamarac,

Dark pine, and of pale larches whereunto
Was joined a host innumerable of flags
In floral convocation; eglantine
Conspicuous for redolence, and moss.

But chiefly by this brook my plans were laid
And fortified with cannon, of carved wood.
Beyond this mountain brow and eddy bay—
Mountain and eddy bay two feet by three—
Were empires, but one stream we Danube called
In compliment to Campbell's Soldier's Dream.
Here glowed the Golden Horn, here stood Stamboul
Abidos also, where Lord Byron swam.

This mimic Danube, like the larger stream,
Was born in glens of dimmest wilderness
Which left a shade of doubtfulness; it came
Half waked at dawn into our vale of bloom,
Being duly hailed by infantile respect—
Because it was from climes we ne'er had seen—
While listening for the secrets which it told
To fish and flags and to its warbling friends.
Sometimes it took a humorous delight
Misrepresenting all things on its banks
By genuflections in a mirage blurred,
And zigzag surface flashings o'er bright stones;
Or in the stillness of its bays transposed
Rose-trees top-downward deep in liquid gold.
Palms mimicked out of ferns, large hollyhocks,
Pansies and marigolds promiscuous mixed—
A medley made and panorama strange.
Beneath this misty bloom it strayed to where
A rocky gorge let in the rising sun,

Wherefrom, like liquid ruby in the light,
It faltered graceful thirty fathoms down.
Thence by gyrating and romantic course
Entered Ontario lovely.

Nearer home
A mystic cedar swamp, and other green,
A goodly background made for Winter snow.
Where snowbirds, quail and pheasants shelter found

Safe from the owl and hunger-prompted fox,
Whence antlered deer, disturbed by wolves, rushed forth.

Tents on that pond we built of ice and boughs,
And lit with flaming knots of scented fir.

Then was the faery and the feasting time!
Pranked trout procured from crystal orifices,
As soon as duly dead, served roasted brown.
White buns besmeared with honey, and bruised nuts
In curdy juice of concentrated June.
Also fond girls in fancy colored robes,
With facings of pied furs, otter and mink.
Coy hats of scarlet wool, red sashes gay,
Streaming like Jack-o'-lanterns 'midst green trees,
As o'er the blue transparency they glode
In convolutions intricate, to songs.

Vale, Vale, Salve Eternum.

These verses are in answer to a fine poem called "Honor the Dead," by A. H. Wingfield, wherein he rebuked children for stealing flowers from the cemetery.

YOUR song, dear sir, is excellent, but surely
Those who have gone out to the other side
May find such honor recompense them poorly
For all the slights endured before they died.

Better bequeath respect unto the living,
(Some word of comfort even sinners crave—
We know it by experience) than giving
Alms to the greedy solitary grave.

Earth's troubles will be over when we leave it;
There is no proof that spirits weep or sigh:
Honor the dead, but how can they receive it,
Unless we honor them before they die?

At times all feel some silent desolation,
The craving for one sympathetic word
Which, tho' we own it not, may be salvation,
If fitly spoken by a friend preferred;

But if it comes not, then, when o'er death's ocean
The spirit wings its solitary way,
Give not to dust thy long delayed devotion;
Dust cannot feel nor any dear loved clay.

There may be some neglected patient spouses
By no kind word rewarded year by year,
In whose fond hearts their daily duty rouses
No hope of peace except beyond the bier.

Go to them or their orphans ere they vanish
Out in the dark, and honor them and bless—
Grand monuments o'er empires dead astonish
The angels less than human tenderness.

Who heeds the list of maiden cares unnoted,
The smiling torture borne to baffle shame?
While facing ruin, true to vows devoted,
With love that turns her very flesh to flame.

For there 's a secret which defies revealing:
Worse than death's desecration are the arts
Of those fine fiends who make a sport of stealing
The flowers of hope from loving human hearts.

Tell the poor suicide ere she may finish
The task of pain which Deity prepares,
That trouble comes to perfect, not diminish,
Millions have entered heaven by sorrow's stairs.

The holy dead may heed no desecration;
And as for the unholy ghosts, alas,
They care still less, if they have lost salvation,
Whether their bones are cased in gold or grass.

And for the poet, let some word be spoken
Beside an epitaph upon his grave,
Before Discouragement's harsh hands have broken
Those chords whose music helps to make us brave.

As he, enduring lofty desolation,
Like a pierced eagle on his crag, alone:
He did not choose his alien avocation;
Nature's anointed have for bread a stone.

Steal blossoms from my grave, for they will wither;
Steal marble—if there may be any there;
'Twill be the same soon as the soul flits thither,
But faith in living goodness, *that*, O spare!

Swinburne.

LINES ON READING ANACTORIA.

WHAT cans't thou offer God as an excuse
O Swinburne, for thy desecrated muse?
Why sneer at reverend faith or sacred truth?
Why snatch the staff from age, the guide from youth?
If faith be a delusion, let it be
Till something worthier comes; comes it from thee?
One fact stands firm in spite of all gainsay,
Hosts have had strength from what ye cast away,
From Job to Jesus, David to St. Paul,
Clasping the flaming stake or cup of gall.
Why did they choose such pangs, being wise, oh why,
If all's the same when good or bad men die?

Soul of sweet music tuned to words of wrath,
Why use thine inspiration lauding death?
Thou strikst thy timbrels crying, here is good!
The hungry find it mirage-gilded mud.
Gifted in songs ablaze with rhythmic bruit
To tempt us mortals unto Sodom's fruit.

Nay ask me not "what right have ye to blame?"
Even sin cries out when poets put to shame
The gift that God has lent them for a space
To cheer their brethren in life's flinty race.

I urge no homiletic diatribe
Of cant, to such let hypocrites subscribe;
Nor claim one gift as equal to thine own,
Save, it may be, a faith in truth unknown.

My soul from sense hath likewise many a scar,
Like one nigh wrecked beyond the harbor bar;
Yet self-condemned, I'll reverence, not deride,
Like Peter, that which Heaven has purified.

And dost thou salve thy conscience and maintain
Thou art no teacher? That were also vain.
All souls are teachers, poets most of all;
Thy very music, minstrel, is God's call;
But, ah, those words, they are not from the sky,
They call from Hell; thou answerest, "here am I."
The blasphemy, 'gainst which God's doors are slammed
Jars ope the brimstone portals of the damned,
Who lift their scowling eyes from hissing spume
To curse the fools who fill the howling gloom;
Curse all connection with their crimes which swell
Woe's wormwood waves in scepticism's Hell.

But truth's white stone in Salem's temple placed
By the great Builder was designed and graced
For purposes not all revealed to man—
To mar one stone would mar the whole vast plan.
As wisely blame the vault of blue, O bard,
As mystery, solely such to men sin-marred.
Presumptuous thus might streams refuse to run,
Or stars to shine because they're not the sun.
There lurks some lore in ill, tho' to our sight
Tenebrous; yea, whatever is is right
In that broad sense which we may some day know—
Bards, prophets, martyrs, science prove it so.
Doubtless all men have questionings perplexed;
What then? What this world hinders wait the next.

To every people, to all tongues, all climes
In gracious sermons, and in goodly rhymes,
Some truth is said or sung, and thou and I
Need preach no more than bird, or breeze, or sky,
Nor need we any more blaspheme than they,
Because some storm obscures the summer day.
Peace to thine inspiration, demigod!
Thro' trouble comes perfection, bear the rod:
Awake thy gifts to elevate—why not?
A song insulting God on earth's forgot.

Longfellow.

As one who wandered o'er an arid waste,
Nigh fainting in Adversity's monsoon,
A bard dejected as a lamp at noon,
Heard songs of home, and so his path retraced;
So come I humbly, stumbling in my haste,
To thank thee for thy praises and thy boon;
For they revive, as rain on flowers aswoon
That gaze from dearth to a deserted sky;
But, after storms, by sunlight more inspired.
O, Psalm, like David's, answering the cry
Of one who thought of yielding; being tired!
Likewise Excelsior had lived in vain,
And fond Evangeline, but for thy strain
To teach us as they lived we too may live and die.

Agnosticism.

IN spite of all agnostics say,
Or infidels ignore,
The world is nearer God to-day
Than e'er it was of yore.

Who walked in Eden walketh still,
As full of pity now,
For all who say: Teach me Thy will,
And to obey, O Thou!

Yet we place thorns upon His head
Who every good bestowed;
We pierce the hands that gave us bread,
Then blind with sin blame God.

Should the blind say there is no sun
Because by him unseen.
The martyrs; all they bore and won,
Have they for nothing been?

We own their mighty lore of old
And all the prophets knew,
With worlds of science since unrolled,
For wisdom's vast review.

To bind this knowledge as a sheaf,
Our spirits to sustain,
With wisdom's golden band, belief,
Is not to toil in vain.

Nay, we should scatter from this age,
For that which is to come,
The seeds of our great heritage
That shall forever bloom.

Not yielding scant ingratitude,
But, bowed in reverence, own
Both Heaven and earth are formed for good,
And governed from one throne.

Sin may have purposes divine;
That worlds all pure on high,
Thus shown the evils of our line,
So warned, shall never die;

Than whom we may more perfect be
By chastisement of pain,
And by the scarlet cross where He
Was for Agnostics slain.

But soon shall Piety for bride
Take Science by the hand,
And at Truth's fane be sanctified
With love's eternal band.

For more enlightened millions pray
Than ever, yea, far more,
In spite of all Agnostics say,
Or infidels ignore.

Epitaph.

Ah! though thy gentle soul has gone
Back to the God who gave,
Remembrance will not let this stone
Grow mossy o'er thy grave.

Conventionality in Church.

HER prayers are framed precise whate'er the issue
And, like her vestment, cut conventional:
Fine unobtrusive tints in silken tissue—
God scarce can save one in a wrinkled shawl.

Tell not in Gath that 'twas Ezekiel's harp meant her,
Whose strings resounding against pomp he smote.
Of course 'tis sad Lord Jesus was a carpenter,
And year by year wore but one seamless coat.

Her sister sinned, alas, the cause; true love was hers,
Who, loving so, refused a foolish fop:
Her sister's banned, but she a bran new glove prefers
On which in church her praying head to prop.

The centre of God's house where pews are dearest,
With millionaires for ushers, she requires:
A gorgeous crimson lounge to grace is nearest,
While purchased hallelujahs charm the spires.

Had Adam fallen on such rich upholstering,
He might have saved two worlds of human pains,
And many a minister's laborious bolstering
Of souls in sin's hereditary sprains.

A salary of thirty thousand dollars
Her Parson gets to keep his calling good,
A sable robe, a saintly tie, white collars
And gloves to serve the sacramental blood.

A style of classic grace, with nothing tingling
The pulse polite; of Death he never speaks;
No Godlike tears with Magdalen's commingling,
For tears erase the rouge on beauty's cheeks.

He culls his text to comfort lady Lilygood,
As wine narcotic soothes resplendent shame;
His love for sinners brooks of no similitude
To hell-stormed brimstone lakes of wrathful flame.

'Twould sap his salary such interruption
Of Wall street bears asleep, or 'wake to win
This lovely heir—she must not know corruption,
Except from Fiction's pure frankincensed sin.

Old fashioned the forgiveness of a sinner,
Save by the humble One of ancient days;
Perfect redemption's only for the winner
Of brown stone blocks, flush bonds, two-forty bays.

You blundered, Moses, with God's Law, but Aaron
Your yellow calf of gold for us is best;
We change coupons from Salem and from Sharon
For some rich fool's bedizened bangs and breast:

But free redemption's not for impropriety;
And poverty, tho' pure, must keep its place;
High culture's better for the best society,
Than is salvation of the human race.

Don't Despise.

"There is no hate that is not hateworthy."

DON'T despise the poor man's pleasure,
Ye who feast on Fortune's spoil,
For your nerve-relaxing leisure
Has been purchased by his toil.

Bought by years of labor painful,
Wanting, waiting, overworn,
Worthy something less disdainful
Than a scant reward of scorn.

There are those whose lives are shaded
For some strange especial cause,
Lowly yet the least degraded,
Strict observers of life's laws.

We have seen the great in spirit,
Large of heart and grand in soul,
Bound by duty to outwear it
In some wealthy fool's control.

Brows with unsung music beating,
Hearts that burn with more than hope
Oft are theirs who with unfleeting
Disappointments daily cope.

Yet they sometimes rise up glorious,
Popes and Miltons of the mind,
Who by toiling are victorious
O'er the monarchs of mankind.

Cheerful songs when wise men chant them,
Fire and forge the adverse hours,
Rouse the failing as an anthem,
Or as balm from foot-crushed flowers.

Deeds and words of faith unshaking,
Wrung and racked from copious minds,
Are as rocks in tempests making
Music of the troubled winds.

Thus the gifts that most entrance us
Grew to fame from lowly goals;
For, tho' adverse circumstances
Curb, they crush not master souls.

Every useful innovation,
Every science ever taught,
All the wealth of every nation
Hardy hands of labor wrought.

By the plow our country's splendor
Blooms on independent soil,
And the foremost to defend her
Are the sturdy sons of toil.

When the trembling orphan pleadeth
Go not sullenly away,
Give the hungry what he needeth,
It may be thy turn some day.

Hamilton Cemetery.

THIS land where mortals part is the same goal
In which Spring loves to linger and illume
The quietude of such as shed the soul,
As failing blossoms shed unseen perfume.
Ye scarce could think that under all this bloom
The worm is busy with the beautiful
Untroubled tenants of so bright a tomb,
Whose smiling silence lingers to annul
All beauty dreads to be in death's eternal lull.

Lo! to the east outrolls a living sheen
Of liquid azure, tinted from on high,
Mottled with many sails, engirt with green;
And hills that love in the embrace to lie
Of beautiful Ontario, whose sky
A stranger seems to tempests: westward, lo
A very Paradise regales the eye!
And yet more distant where the day beams glow
From Flambro's goodly hills two rivers hither flow.

How oft in youth I watched thy wandering waves,
Blue stream, and longed thine ending to explore;
Lo, thou hast led me to this land of graves!
Drifting forever to this dim "No More,"
Where mystery sleeps on death's horizon shore,
Unroused by time: here the gay crickets sing
In blooms that are more eloquent than lore;

By paths midst flowery graves, when Sabbath's fling,
Soft floods of lustre round from light's supernal spring.

For now this green Canadian grove is clad
In efflorescent leafy loveliness ;
And wild birds sing as if they never had
So many tuneful praises to express.
They seem to mean : O nature, no distress
Has scarified thy countenance, no pain
Obscures thy vital vigor ; born to bless
The heart which is thy home, but thirsts in vain
For any lovelier place, save the celestial plain.

These grassy graves are like the waves of doom
Forever anchored on a twilight strand ;
Billows of lily-foam and rosy bloom ;
Where every ill by subtle sorrow planned
Is sunken in a sea that has no land,
Save Faith and Hope whose sunny islands cheer
The garden of the spirit, lightly fanned
By breezes from some upper atmosphere,
Where flowers can never fade nor any blight appear.

To meditate on beauty, to admire
The wonderful, when heaven is written o'er
By angels with phylacteries of fire,
Has been a joy inviolate, a lore.
And if at times a form appeared who wore,
Or seemed to wear, an emblem of such love,
'Twas well to gaze on her, but evermore
Reality that error did remove,
So fancy wings her way where reason would not rove.

Destiny.

DESTINY, turn thou the other side
Of thy blank shield and shew us what will be
Beyond the dim insatiable sea,
Forth into which we separately glide,
All silently upon a midnight tide
Of starless, moon-forsaken mystery :-
Or art thou, Destiny, as dumb as we ?
And Destiny made answer : fool, divide
Thy soul from sense ; behold the Nazarine
Hath taught thee to, by abnegation meek ;
Thus thou shalt know more than by me is known.
I said to Death : obliterate thy screen.
And Death made answer: that which thou dost seek
With a pure heart is that which thou shalt own.

Blame Not.

BLAME not, we all have our moments of blindness,
A thought that, if acted, were darker than hers;
Her fault may be caused by a feeling of kindness,
A feeling the angel of mercy confers.

We all have been born in a world where the brightest
Of beings the darkest of destinies find—
The souls that are purest, the brows that are whitest,
Are clouded by those who should surely be kind.

Behold her alone, when misfortune's dejection
Has made it a dreadful endurance to live ;
She strives to be gay, but there's grief in affection—
Once more to be pure, O, what would she not give ?

To a Poet who Taught Evil.

TO WARM one soul with sacred flame,
O bard, is worth a world of fame.
Guilt never was sublime!
A boundless boon is thine and mine
Above thy god's in power divine,
Above the tomb of time;

And many a precious promise made,
If we do mercifully aid
Each other up to right;
But not by standing neutral nigh
While woe discouraged welters by
Into destruction's night.

If any shipwrecked brother fails
Assist him with his mast or sails;
Or unseaworthy bark.
His wreck, poor wretch, was not his choice;
Urge thro' the tempest flaws thy voice,
Or hale him from the dark.

More blest to be obscure as death
Than breathing ignominious breath
To fan some selfish fire;
Let wisdom purge the dross away,
Or soon a coffin full of clay
And shame will end desire.

Jephtha's Daughter.

AFTER her bath yet early in the day,
She donned a ketonet or tunica;
With gems enclasped it, close as a caress,
And smoothed its folds out o'er her loveliness
In fondly fashioned outlines. It was made
Of Persian satin, opaline and white,
Like moving mists around the moon arrayed,
Thro' which she shone, a lovelier light in light
Almost immortal: on a low divan
A fleecy texture tinted tyrian,
Alone reclining, on each pliant knee
Her white feet poised by turns to sandalled be.
The sandal buckles were with gems aflame,
And those fine bands that bound each knee the same.
On restless anklets tinkled bells of gold,
A symbol which of princely lineage told.
Their music summoning a tiring maid
Who all her glorious midnight hair arrayed;
A purple black it was, alive and long,
And seemed, if such could be, like a carved song,
Some Hebrew pæan of triumphant power
Arrested, and remaining her rare dower.
'Twas girt in frequent fillets of fine gold,
Bestarred with sardon flashing manifold.
And o'er her shoulders exquisitely graced,
A sedijin, encircled at the waist.
This sedijin was sleeveless, but both arms
Had aspen bands that blazed in jasper charms.

Her zone was also wonderful with these,
As round her neck a circlet, carved to please
In imitated foliage of lush hues
Such as Ezekiel sanctified for use.
And over these with garnet bangles hung
And opaline, a splendid shimla clung,
Marvel of strangely interfusing sheen,
And beautiful as all that might have been.
A little scarf of white and henna dyes
Crowned her dark head for dreadful sacrifice.
Pensive her oriental eyes, and large,
Looking their last on Judah's hills, the charge
Of Israel's honor in them, and the praise
Of many a maid desponding since those days
When Jephtha's daughter wended forth to mourn
Her immature virginity forlorn.

Napoleon Third.

How fails our faith in human good
When gazing on the great;
In ancient days their deeds were blood,
Their happiness, to hate:
We close each old historic page
With blessings on our advanced age.

See now! what better can we show
With all our boasted lore?
Our excellencies end in woe
Dark as in days of yore;
And years of bloodshed failed to drain
From France this ignominious stain.

A Princess supplicated thee
Her shackled spouse to save—
Him thou didst send beyond the sea—
Thy promise proved his grave;
But of such deeds the world takes note,
Nor doth it on th' ungodly dote.

And thou didst spurn her plea, her fate
Whose creed was to be kind,
Her days are wholly desolate;
And now her spirit's mind,
Deep in the caves of mad despair,
Must creak its unhinged ruins there.

Vain fool! to shun the only chance
Of peace that earth can give!
Hadst thou been just to truth and France,
Thy kingdom yet might live;
But thou didst dash the cup away
That might have solaced thee to-day.

But 'tis in vain to taunt thee now
With thy submissive state,
Except to warn Ambition's prow
From shoals which wreck the great;
The world is tired of warning's strain,
Well sung by Byron, but in vain.

When kings descend from manly grace
To steal some transient power;
When emperors boundless boons debase
For that which lasts an hour,
We need not cite a foreign strand,
The same corruptions are at hand.

Shelley.

SWEET be thy slumber in the marble bier
Of Rome, the realm of sepulchres whose vine
Fans thy far grave of fame, reposing where
Thy genius loved in its first life to twine
Millennial schemes of progress for thy line
Who ruthlessly repulsed thee, and thy creed
Of early errors: thou wert not divine,
But what of those who spurned thine hour of need?
Hounding thee far from home, in alien lands to bleed.

There's a strange mystery with thee connected,
A most peculiar unearthliness,
And, though not blameless, thousands undetected
Act pure, nor feel the innate tenderness
Which tortured thee because of man's distress,
That for the guilty overwhelms the good—
Thy goodness was divine, divine no less
Should be the judge of genius; the dark mood
Is to itself unknown, peopling life's solitude.

The purple silver of the pearly dews
Appear as they were strewn on Eden's shore,
Eve's path illuming: silent yet diffuse,
Majestic cloudrifts let the moonlight pour
On classic fane and fountain; as of yore
The Coliseum seems an urn whose rim
Runs o'er with Ruin's ashes; once its gore
Gladdened a hundred thousand souls; how dim
Ambition, that then burned like flaming cherubim.

His heart was full of gifts which men refused
Because his bark of life had a strange keel:
His great-thought-freighted gentleness abused
By fools who could not fathom it, or feel.
At Pity's shrine he bowed, but did not kneel
In outward sham conventional—O, brain,
Wryed by man's ignorant faith whose cruel zeal
Did mock divinity and make it vain!
Foiled by the envious fools to whom he gave his strain.

Another wreck arrives ashore,
Dim-piloted by death;
Its port of reefs is called No More;
Its people have no breath.

Scuttled? aye—by the self-same hand
That built the bounding bark;
A dreadful end by madness planned
For Ruin, in the dark.

Burns.

No Common gifts could so delight.
—*E. H. Dewart, D.D.*

ALL hail to the birthday that dawned on thy being,
A nation's best gift blest her bosom that morn,
The generous glow of thy genius far-seeing,
Of nobleness, boldness and manliness born.

Tho' clouds of obscurity gathered around thee,
And fortune seemed pinioned by poverty's chain,
Their hinnom-like hopelessness failed to confound thee,
All chains for thy spirit were welded in vain.

Tho' cramped by adversity's low isolation,
It helped but to brighten thy intellect strong;
It served but to make thee the earth's admiration,
The glory and boast of a nation of song.

Bequeathing mankind what no time or detraction,
Or truth-testing changes can ever destroy,
A soul-soothing essence, a balm for dejection,
A tender assurance of innocent joy.

But often those dreams that delight from a distance
Are wofully marred when adversity's force
Stops feeling's fond flow with a sullen resistance,
A stream-wave rolled back by the tide from its course.

Yet was it thy nature to gild life with glory,
With fancy to fashion what was not to be;
Uphoarding each hope and encouraging story
That painted a future from misery free.

The strength of thy soul seized the objects around thee,
And made thy creations posterity praise
Till nations who gaze would rejoice to have crown'd thee
With palm boughs of peace and the laurel's green bays.

The passionate force of thy soul did not slumber,
It soared in delight or sunk low in despair;
All rapt in the region of hope's happy number,
Or wandered oppressed on the banks of the Ayr.

By lofty Ben Lomond in ether projecting
His cavernous crags where the cold breezes moan,
By heathery Ayr in its bosom reflecting
The image of Mary who met thee alone.

That love was not love but a glance into glory
Which lifted thee up, as the Prophet of old
Was lured out of Patmos to Heaven, a story
Of holiness, never on earth to be told.

By these inspiration her mantle threw o'er thee
Upwafting thy spirit immortal with song;
A pillar of fiery darkness before thee,
Thro' deserts distressful alluring along.

Light of the days that are Albyn's no longer,
Spirit of Scotland, departed for aye!
Still grows the strength of thy minstrelsy stronger,
And purer, like wine when the years pass away.

In the temple of Fame the great Fergusson slumbers
Where Campbell recorded a praiseworthy name;
Tho' Ossian is master of mystical numbers,
Few famous can equal the light of thy fame.

The Brook.

A POEM in an unknown book
As safe from blame as some far brook;
For there no angling tramp disturbs
The freckled tribes or flowery herbs,
Tho' tinged with many a tender dye
From leafy fall or starry sky,
Or all the quaint symbolic brood
Of unobtrusive solitude.

Where such a runnel in the reeds
A life of wild seclusion leads,
Low in a twilight world of ferns
Half hid by undulating turns,
Its tresses waving, green and long,
In time to an æolian song,
Too fairy pure to feel forlorn,
Is where one sylvan muse was born.

Her vesture every poet knows,
Her early lover was a rose,
Her bridesmaids blushing cardinals,
While eglantines with vermil bells
Sent fragrant gifts to grace the feast,
Too innocent to need a priest;
The morning was her bridal hour,
With all Jehovah gave for dower.

These came the forest bloom to bless,
Like water in a wildernes;
Proclaiming, tho' they lowly live,
That life's best pleasure is to give.
While Nature, on the other hand,
By magic few may understand,
Can wreck the peace of poets who
Deny her adulation due.

But if the muse has lauded wrong,
Or woven folly into song;
Or hurt the confidence of hope
With scepticism's horoscope,
More than may come of ignorance—
Which also should be called offence—
Then shake from out thine urn, O Time,
Oblivion's ashes on this rhyme.

Perchance Oblivion may not bide
By the conditions here implied;
But let his gardener Time, entwine
Some poppy leaves for every line:
Well let him—did I wish to wear
A poet's crown of pain and care?
I loved the Muses and they came
Of failure careless and of fame.

First Art, divorced by Want, was choice,
Then music soft of measured voice,
And History I did exchange
For Fiction, true; and Science strange:

But Loveliness hath ever been
My adoration fane and queen,
No time shall change or sea divide
My spirit from its rainbow bride.

A band more beautiful than these
Ne'er left youth's port for unknown seas,
By salutary breezes fanned
To rosy Eldorado land.
But me they left to build a light,
Lest hope should be delayed till night,
For on that bark that so went forth
Was all most cherished upon earth.

And as a fire on some far height
Allures an eagle in the night,
So fancy clove the cloudy throng,
In love with nature, lore and song,
In search of light, if but one glow,
To cheer the crew in toil below;
That they might see and feel the flame,
And honor that from whence it came.

Fate kindly lent some flame—behold,
It was for good, and not for gold!
Precipitate I brought the spoil,
To those in isolated toil;
But ere I reached the foaming coast,
That ship with all its crew was lost.
I held the feeble flame near shore,
I called, but they return no more.

Come back with gonfalons unfurled,
O leave thy beauty in this world!
Morn came: was ever light so gay
Let out of heaven? triumphantly,
Smiling alike on land or sea,
On all things but to mine and me;
For nothing there on sea or shore
Was ever as it was of yore.

As some fond parting tones, tho' dear,
Depress the heart they meant to cheer,
Thus their last songs who sailed away,
Make sad this book of memory;
As faded leaves of flowers and fern,
From one who may no more return.
How strange, that out of all on board,
That storm these strains alone restored.

Ah, what a storm, what blasts of black
My inefficient flame kept back;
What spectres rioting elate,
Made nature pale when gloomy fate
Anchored his cloudy throne in heaven,
And had the earth (as Job was) given
To the masked demons of the air,
The convocations of despair!

Yet some who tenderly retain
The fading glory of the fane,
Kindle with hope's expiring ray,
The vestal fires of memory;

As artists of their loves retrace
What fate forbade them to embrace;
So may a song, a glance, a tone,
Restore the vanished one by one.

To those who never had their way,
To those who failed and yet are gay,
Who still love innocence and truth,
Whose ship comes back no more from youth,
Whose anchors drag when rocks loom nigh,
Who sing at times to drown a sigh,
To such, tho' void of lore and cheer,
I dedicate the ditties here.

The shark of wrecks, if he should care
To flounder thro' such flotsam fare,
May find less fault than I with these
Adieux and dirges sung to peace.
Why sing then? Sir, tho' not sublime,
Those subjects turned themselves to rhyme,
As Neptune, when the storm is by
Makes rhythm of monotony.

Some think, let none the thought condemn,
That all things had gone well with them,
If, 'stead of hope unsanctified,
Grace had been chosen for their guide:
Who knows? for both are often dark
To all who on their seas embark,
And for some reason hide the sun
Until the final haven's won.

Yeoanna.

ALL in a dream too pure to last
The spirit of Perfection passed,
Such as imagination sees,
In grand ideal destinies;
With angel hosts, a burning zone,
Harping on harps to man unknown,
Hosanna to Yeoanna.

They gave a poet's hope that name,
Since from ethereal scenes she came;
And as the vast choir surged along
He knew the reason of their song,
The strange transfigurating strain
Immortal, but his own in vain
In worship of Yeoanna.

As for this bard, his restless mind
Made him an alien to mankind;
His spirit being lax of earth
Heard songs before its human birth.
He lived two lives, one like a star
Which sees both morn and night afar,
The morn that was Yeoanna.

Oft had he read in lyric lore
The grace of those whom bards adore;
The deathless love that deifies,
Like Beatrice in Paradise,
Of pearly arms and lips that lure—
O faint forbodings of the pure,
The innocent Yeoanna!

Her lips are like a sacrament,
Her smile a benison that blent
Its sacred lustre unto eyes,
Filled with supernal sympathies;
Yea, and her voice itself could win
The ruined seraphim from sin,
Could they have seen Yeoanna.

And when this vivid dream came true
A second dawn flashed up the blue,
So vast time seemed to start and spread
His wings as one in sudden dread
To lose his throne, for a new earth
Was raptured into radiant birth
Because of this Yeoanna.

Apart the cloud of incense rolls:
Behold a shrine! the burning coals
Are vivid still; ah, very dear
Frankincense fills the atmosphere
From this one shrine that is not clay,
The melody of memory,
Immortal, of Yeoanna.

Then in this vision of my fate,
Far from that fane's celestial gate,
One sternly waved my steps away:
But where, O whitherward to stray
From the alluring life of light,
Wherein is vanishing from sight,
The beautiful Yeoanna?

So back to heaven Hope fled and drew
Devotion death can not undo;
She raised the idol and destroyed
And left an ever-aching void;
She broke the harpstring and the strain
Can never sing of peace again,
Nor feel thy hands, Yeoanna.

Ah, dreamer, well thou should'st have known,
What would be by the broken stone
That strewed the pathway whence ye came
Thro' burning gulfs of whirling flame,
Thy soul, untuned by discord, is
All uncongenial to the bliss,
Which shines about Yeoanna.

Yet even having gazed on her
Has left misfortune lovelier,
As roses, wooed to life by light,
Bloom on in fragrance in the night,
Unseen of stars whose spheral strain
Earth hears no more because of pain
For having lost Yeoanna.

Sir Walter Raleigh,

(ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL).

UP HERE engirt by four strong walls,
And guarded by the state,
We are not here by our own acts,
My soul, nor is it fate.
I have been oft to blame, but not
For that which hales us here;
Earth hungers for the lamps of heaven,
And thine, my soul, is clear.

Now ere we sever, Psyche, plume
Thy pinions for the skies:
See, on thy wings the smile of stars
Predating Paradise;
We voyaged gorgeous dreams, but now
Our journey must divide;
Angels may date my death not thine,
My soul, nor will they chide.

They will not chide thee when they see
Thy wings for others worn—
The eyes within thy wings have tears
For pain of mortals borne—
Not one of all who knew thee well
Will close the sacred gate;
They felt thy patience here, and there
Thy worth will estimate.

We have great faith in England's cause,
Tho' fools have filled her throne,
Yet time's advance shall vindicate
That which is now unknown.
And tho' her recreants fail in death,
Her destiny's not dead ;
Her monuments of mighty deeds
Shall be by millions read.

Her forces are on many a wave,
Her flag on many a sea ;
Because she holds in her strong hand
The sceptre of the free :
The heathen like a pirate's bark
That knows no port or calm,
Until the dove from England's ark
Lights on their isles with palm.

Lord of the heathen whom we saw
On green Virginia's coast,
If, by pure grace those sable tribes,
Tho' creedless, are not lost,
Take thou my sister soul who soon
Must part to thee from me ;
O sacred lamp of nature's world
Farewell to life and thee !

If crowns in furnaces are forged,
Then is thy crown secure ;
Since all for which a soul is born
On earth we did endure :

Thou who didst grandly share thy store
E'en with suspected worth;
But every tie is severing now
For which we came on earth.

Then gaze abroad and bid adieu—
It will not keep us long—
Few are the hands remaining warm
Of all our flattering throng.
There are no flowers in wintry fields,
No friends to cheer defeat;
Look not for love in human eyes
When fortune's in retreat.

Come hither sereman with thy sere,
Come bellman with thy bell,
Sound out our last adieu, a dirge,
Thy anthem a farewell.
Angels have taken us in hand—
The glorified all pure
Have sympathy for that which is
Beyond us to endure.

Be not exacting with thy scales,
O justice born of heaven!
Thou knowest well that millions fail
And millions are forgiven!
Transfer to death thy sacerdotal
Censer infinite;
Lavabus me, lavabus me!
In streams of living light.

A Fragment.

WHAT phantoms rise and flit along
The silent stream of vanished time;
Forms, grief-subdued, and still, and pale,
As hope transfixed with untold crime!
Even now, upon my longing sight
A well remembered scene appears
Where parted clouds let down the light,
Then closed on all the coming years.

Among the sunfields of the west
Where roll our country's grandest streams,
There lived a maiden lovelier
Than fancy's fairest, fondest dreams.
Oft, when the sun's descending beams
Spread splendors o'er the western sky,
We met beneath the blooming thorn
To watch the wondrous glory die.

There, in the golden eventide,
Beneath a fragrant hawthorn tree,
She, whom my spirit deified,
Gave all her promised years to me.
That sun has set—an unknown grave
Is there alone upon the hill,
And all the scene is silent, save
The vesper of a whip-poor-will.

Behold the very hillside tree
Is mourning o'er that lost sun-glow,
And up towards the west its arms
Wave in the twilight to and fro.
Angels of light who throng the road
Through Hinnom's dim, lone solitudes,
My spirit longs for that abode
Where everlasting stillness broods.

What For.

THE question often comes too late,
If all mankind are doing
For thirst of things which satiate
Are truly worth the wooing.
We pray for what unblest has been
Since earth was sin-disordered;
And pleasure is by care closed in
Like gardens thorny bordered.

But on we toil in pathways worn
Where every turn discloses
How many hearts and hands are torn
While searching for the roses
That grow so gay at early morn,
When dewy daylight glitters;
But many a bosom-piercing thorn
The weary search embitters.

The politician must invent
Some post, to save his nation ;
The merchant worships cent per cent,
His spouse some loftier station ;
And, worse, the good are often made
To bow to gold or paper :
The farce is finished when the Shade
Snuffs out their transient taper.

Well let them toil so, it may be
That even doubtful labor
Will help to keep the spirit free
From sin's self-gashing sabre,
For nothing underneath the sun,
In frigid zone or broiling,
Was ever e'en by genius done
Without continual toiling.

But better not to cramp the range
Of honor's lofty nature,
For all wealth offers in exchange
To tempt a needy creature ;
For, tho' rich rogues with weighty gold
May purchase earthly quiet,
They're oft but fools in Satan's fold
For poorer fools to sigh at.

To thy Photograph.

LONG ere we met I looked on thee
In a pure vision, a sweet dream ;
But now this loveliness to see,
How dim imaginations seem.

Spirit of Wine.

COME, see the renewal
Of old—but more cruel!—
Laocoon's duel
With serpents that twine:
He struggled to strangle
The monsters that mangle;
But who may untangle
The demon of wine?

Thy legions have shattered the nations, and scattered
Their garners, and battered God's image divine;
Thy kingdom of babel, aflush at their table,
Wear sackcloth of sable, O spirit of wine!

'Tis weakness to woo thee, for all whoe'er knew thee
Are destined to rue thee, however benign;
In hovel or palace the charms of thy chalice
Hide vipers of malice, O demon of wine.

Thy cup is the kernel of forces infernal
Who blast the supernal with passions malign,
Till over the river thy demons deliver
The wretched forever, O spirit of wine.

With trouble for brother, the bride and the mother
Tell not to each other the hopes they resign;
So millions, disowning thy holocausts, groaning
Go downward, bemoaning the demons of wine.

Their pain is thy pleasure, their ruin thy treasure,
  Their loss—who may measure their loss? or define
A soul below level of madness in evil?
  One called thee a devil, O spirit of wine.

O leave us, dark shadow! as storms leave a meadow
  Let orphan and widow no longer repine—
Thy widows, still married to corpses unburied,
  By agony harried, O demon of wine.

Bards in thy laudation by false adulation,
  Do unto damnation thy victims consign,
Yet no one has spoken, by symbol or token,
  Of all the heartbroken, O spirit of wine;

Nor of thy defiling of beauty; beguiling
  Thy dupes with the smiling, vile juice of the vine;
Their laughter sounds poorly whom slowly but surely
  Thou clinchest securely, O demon of wine!

No maiden deploring her ruined adoring,
  E'er found thee restoring her love, who is thine!
For what has thou, hearing of ties so endearing?
  Rude laughter and leering, O spirit of wine!

Chatterton.

BEYOND the green fields on the bank of a river,
  The home of my childhood forsaken is there,
Remembrance returns, but alas I can never
  Revisit that home or its happiness share.

Alone I must enter the land of the stranger,
Alone I am passing the portal of pain,
Yon sun that awoke me to hunger and danger
Shall never arouse me to suffer again.

My mother, the tears of thy kindness no longer
Shall trouble the clay that can make no return;
I yield to oblivious Death who is stronger
Than any fond tie that the living may learn.

For this have I drudged thro' adversity vainly
Abandoned by truth, which a poet's soul craves,
Forced down my sad heart from its worship insanely,
And waken to find all forever the grave's.

Unroll your grand anthems, ye angels of heaven,
O starve not my soul in its struggle with death!
Be parted, ye shadows that veil the forgiven,
And brighten this terrible blackness beneath.

Life fades! O life fades like a wind wafted thither,
A blast o'er the bloom of a desolate lake—
Farewell fond delusion of hopes that would wither,
The fame I am forced by dumb death to forsake.

Farewell to thee Fame, for thy mirage supernal
Deluded Hope's feet o'er the desert despair
To cisterns of Mara—O has the Eternal
For ruin no recompense hither or there?

Lines

ON BEING REQUESTED TO REVIEW A REVIEWER.

DEAR SIR: as would an eagle lightly brush
From his high home where shadow brooding hush,
Some pests that stole their journey to the skies
On the same pinions envy would despise.
So genius with majestic wings aglow
Can sweep its critics to their vats below:
Sheer from the Paradise of music sweet,
To the perdition of their own conceit;
But, though their slime may desecration be,
By such presumptuous ignorance we see
Perfection yet more perfectly arrayed,
As Artists lights eliminate by shade.
So all things have their uses; and so this
Poor envious echo of an idiot's hiss,
This spawn, by spleen engendered, and green bile
By envy nurtured solely to beguile,
E'en him we pity, not condemn, for lo!
How much must such a miscreant forego!
Because his only comfort is to sting,
Or steal the glory from some angel's wing;
Having not any other excellence
More than damned Judas who sold Christ for pence.
Such surely should be pitied more than all
The slimy brood created but to crawl
Into detraction's sickly solitude,
Self-exiled from the heaven of doing good;
Therefore, dear friend, expect not a reply,
Life is too brief to nurture enmity.

Brutality Triumphant.

CONCERNING A PRIZE-FIGHT

THERE'S not a more repulsive truth,
To those who love their race,
Than to review the rearward years
Of glory in disgrace;
And find how oft mere brutal force
All goodly gifts defile,
To some unclean, uncertain fame
That triumphs to beguile.

How oft this world has been laid waste
By demons bad and brave;
Thrones, vineyards, genius, learning's halls
Glut the oblivious grave.
What hydra-shaped contagious crime
Red history's pages smear,
From records most remote of days
Unto the days most near!

See Daniel in a lion's den,
Golgotha's cross and pains,
The persecuted Christian hosts,
Columbus in his chains,
Galileo forced to veil the light
Of Truth's celestial beam,
And millions have neglected gone
Down Time's insatiate stream.

'Twas ever so; but those grand souls
Who strove to lift the load
Of ignorant oppression's bonds
From off the hosts they goad,
Who strove to rear among mankind
Faith's temples pure and high,
Are martyrs to their godliness
And desolately die.

Too late, too late—the laurel leaves
For Tasso's brows were twined;
Lisboa's bard and Allyn's Burns
Were to neglect consigned.
What kings enthroned exalt their kind
Like to the sons of song?
Yet, who in ruins' arid realm
Receive from men more wrong?

But Christian nations, even yet,
Receive with golden fame,
Yea, purchase splendid human shapes
For deeds surpassing shame.
God's servants too, and statesmen learned,
All eagerly stood by—
They left their posts while brutal force
Was hailed triumphantly.

From Carlyle and Emerson.

LAST good they yield the world who wield
Their weapons ever true;
For strength and life are in the strife,
Tho' dreadful storms ensue.

Improve thy mind and be resigned
To what thou canst not mend,
For time misspent brings discontent
And shapes a dreadful end.

The insects sing upon the wing
An hour, then disappear;
They do a share, nor ever are
In vain by God sent here.

The little flower, the sunny hour,
The storms that blacken heaven,
The hopes that bless or bring distress
Are all in kindness given.

Yet, tho' no scene, however mean,
Can bind us to its state,
Do what we will to baffle ill,
No mortal's truly great.

The strongest mind that moves mankind
Might some weak idiot be,
But for the power the present hour
Confers on you and me.

How many a year this mundane sphere
Has waited for thy lot:
One life on earth will stamp its worth,
So disappoint them not.

Be great if thou wouldst preach or plow,
A day's work is a prayer;
Receive to give, and thou'lt receive
A more abundant share.

Then guide, altho' fate's sullen floe
Drives fierce against hope's prow,
A time of bloom will surely come
If we but labor now.

Paul says there's more, when life is o'er,
Of wages coming due,
If we will brave temptation's wave
To win the good and true.

Forewarning.

SAY, is it superstitious fear
If we believe from Hades drear
Some evil influence night and day
Disturbs our better destiny?
For who with finite mind can seize
The soul's intangibilities?
There often moves across our path
The misty blasts of coming scath,

Whose drear forewarnings do diffuse
A shade o'er all we loathe to lose,
And we are troubled long before
Misfortune enters at the door.
Even to innocence they come,
Those whisperings of the spirit's doom :
Dim phantoms, bearing pleasure's pall
Most terribly distinct withal.
As moving mists above a stream
Along a forest vista roll,
Defying Reason's piercing beam
Such omens settle on the soul,
To warn us as we move away
Among the things of yesterday.

Culture.

A TAPELINE gauger of God's shade, the sun,
A man of culture who had taken care
To analyze convulsions of despair,
And weigh heaven's hopes with steelyards, one by one:
What dost thou make of Death ? is life then done ?
Will science ever take the place of prayer ?
Or has it ought to mitigate despair,
Like piety, when great misfortunes shun ?
For all men are afflicted more or less ;
According to their talents are they tried :
I asked him these ; and also longed to learn
How science soothes a parent's prone distress
For a child murdered, or a drunkard's bride.
He answered with a smile of quiet scorn.

Habakkuk.

FROM Teman came the holy One,
From Paran's lofty land;
His presence glorifies the earth,
His holy words command.

Fierce pestilence and burning coals,
Before His feet He hurled;
He drives the sinful nations out,
To save his Father's world;

And solitary mountains bow—
The strong perpetual hills
Are strewn like very little clouds
Of rain among the rills.

Afflicted Cushan's tents I saw,
And Midian's curtained meads,
All trembling at the wonder of
His everlasting deeds.

Chaos.

Beings Represented.

**

CELENO, often in shape of a comely woman.
ALECTO, another beautiful minister of pangs.
LUCIFER, once the morning star.
NAPOLEON IV.
A BARD.
TERMINUS, a lawyer, and civil engineer for Tophet.
ÆACUS, judge of Europeans in Tophet.
FAMILIAR DEMON, of the Bard.
JUNO, HEBE, IRIS, etc.

A green isle in a sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine.

—*Poe.*

Farewell! a sad word easy said,
And easy sung, I think, by some.
I clutched my hands and turned my head
In my endeavor, and was dumb;
And when I should have said, Farewell,
I only murmured, 'This is hell.'

—*Joaquin Miller.*

A hideous throng rush out forever,
They laugh—but smile no more.

—*Poe.*

SCENE I.

A pale red lawn in the land of Bale. Celeno and Alecto greeting :

Celeno. Heard you the world 's to have another war?
Foredoomed by France, the nearest port Bale has.

Alecto. The moon grows gibbous on odd dates in Gaul,
Gendering European euroclydons,
And most unseemly evolutions there.

Celeno. Their creed is dubious, want of faith in kings.
Begets a want of it in loftier things.
But a Niagara of blood-drained souls
Will shortly burst upon us unredeemed.
What news from Venus?

Alecto— Nothing out of tune;
Also, by last advice, was Mercury.

Celeno. Alecto, I do think it may be said
Earth is nigh on the eve of some huge change.
There seems to be a culmination there
That puts my thought in recollection of
A dropsied cloud ere by its lightning cupped.
We may get respite then a thousand years,
A thousand years, Alecto, think of it!
'Tis an idea worth being amplified.
After bad Armageddon's war with good,
Or previously, I have forgotten which,
And there's no Bible here for reference:
I would ask Paine, but he's not accurate.
It may transpire; the promise is for sure,
Fore-spoken by Jehovah; Lucifer
Seems lenient even; see him pensive there;
Prone by the hydra-guarded tribute porch,

Lonesome from unrestricted majesty.
A dreadful demon, he, the very shade
That half reveals his presence quakes with dread.
There's not, in all the worlds, one capable
To cope with him, save One; and they will meet
When earth is ripe in evil; until then,
Where is the angel who would dare explore
The awful secrets of his soul of yore.
Yet his malevolence and cruel power
Shall crumble in the fulness of those times.
His sty will not remain un-herculesed
Forever, nor Omnipotence eclipsed.
To be hedged in by heaven's high unconcern
Is the last lesson Satan has to learn.

Alecto. I fear, Celeno, that is figurative;
A thousand times too glorious to be true!
Nay, buoy me not with hope I supplicate;
My only hope is, that I'll hope no more.
Seeing disappointment to a fervid spirit
Is terrible as fire, or love, that first
Just shows us where we are, the golden smoke
Makes drowsy with a nectarine delight,
Lapsing us "in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream"—then, suddenly,
Awaked, behold, a city full of flame!
Where huge spires thunder down, and lofty fanes
Spoil with their spume the splendor of a sky
Of heaven-eclipsing hurricanes; the shade
Of Bale is full of havoc hope has made.
Thus sturdy spirits feel for love undone,
As waves are warm long after set of sun.

Exit Alecto, singing.

Celeno. I've more compunction for humanity
Than all the Hinnonites that hither come
E'en from more favored worlds; man's lot is hard,
But woman's harsher, being more sensitive.
That taxed inheritance which they call life
Is doled to them, strained thro' a sieve of pain.
And from that moment till they colonise
In death is one fierce struggle and defeat.
Yet some of them endure their agony
With a strange grandeur; even Alecto once
Was human, but long years of torturing
O'erstrained her high-strung soul: as honey makes
The purest acid, so fine minds pure fiends:
'Tis one of those unfathomable quirks
Which the Almighty weaves into his works.

Re-enter Alecto.

I would not phrase, Alecto, after all,
If earth should be the place of peace foretold.
Surely it costs Jehovah scanty toil
To will new worlds in blue immensity.

Alecto. One fiat of his word immaculate,
And lo, illimitable orbs caroom
All jubilant in azurous inane.

Celeno. But 'tis humanity's dependency
Makes me believe something may come of it;
With misery, else earth had not been so reft,
But be left vagrant, as the grovelling herds;
And not for nothing be accountable.
Nay man must have millenniums of life—

If he will walk according to the truth—
Else his existence is creation's blot.
That day draws nigh in spite of spurious creeds,
Priests, and their craft's presumptuous ignorance:
Their genuflections—gods, it genders spleen,
To see mankind so supple in the knees
To error, and rheumatic to the truth!
What chore, Alecto have you to perform?

Alecto. None, but I think I'll to Urania go;
My lungs require some change of spiritual air.

Celeno. My sister, wing thy flight by way of Mars.
(His occultation is in apogee)
Urge the mailed god immediately to me.
Now will I sing a song for me he made
One Spring in Greece before he was a god.
It half inclines me to relax my heart,
For of all gods Mars is most amorous—
Hence war and women may be similar—
For constancy as well as courage wins;
And were I sure my loss his peace destroyed
I would no more renounce him, nor avoid.
But to my tune: the chorus of it is:

No high angel knows his story;
Why he was dismissed,
Out from jacinth walls of glory,
Pearl and amethyst.
To be one with fools degraded
In this realm by cypress shaded.

Mars listening.

Behold the essence of my misery !
A fair but subtle beauty ; bother gods,
I could reconquer worlds undreamed of by
You druling imbecile of Macedon
More easily than win the one I crave.
Celeno, had I known 'twas thou didst send,
With airless friction had I warped my wings
Sooner to lave me in thy excellence.
But to void earth, the tomb of all my hopes,
I timidly prolonged my starry way ;
O sweet aroma of bruised happiness !

Celeno. You say not so when dure Bellona's by,
Or opes, gay patron of the glebe, beneath
Those spotted beechen groves Idalian.

Exit both.

SCENE II.

A forest of bohon-upas and yew, with its charred branches creaking in the retreating storm. A raven is seen to alight on a burning palm ; then presently follows the tempest ; " moaning and calling out of other lands."

Lucifer musing and gazing on the bastions of bliss as they appear " edged with intolerable radiancy."

Enter Terminus and Æacus with specifications for a gigantic inquisition. Its immediate execution rendered requisite by the struggle between good and evil.

Term. How hot this mart !

Æa. Shortly a shower of souls,
Wailing, will cool those purgatorial coals.

Good Terminus, I hope thou'lt not defer;
Bale's densely wedged for wharfage even now,
So fast came France from Prussia's crimson spears;
And there are other empires in arrears.
The Beast is brooding in the Leopard's lair,
And, with the Dragon, straightway to declare
War against wisdom; who shall overthrow,
In Canaan's valley of Decision, Death.
So spake Isaiah, and 'tis proven; great
Events do also point to near this date.
As witness Ischia, Java, when their spume
Made high tide in Avernus; and the doom,
Nigh to extinction, of her temporal power,
Who would the chosen child of Heaven devour.
The fulness of the Gentiles has come in;
Those walls 'twixt earth and Bale are wearing thin.
The planets also, now, with evil chime,
And, pregnant with perihelion, foster crime,
And pestilence; and every potentate,
So learn I, is a target for the hate
Of millions of their subjects, who are strong
In worship of material gods, and wrong.
So must we steadily our plans advance
For the requirements of infuriate France.

Exit.

Enter Lucifer.

Luc. This is the hour when on the hills of Heaven,
The affluent vales, and gardens round the throne;
On all the leafy blessings of those groves
By angels tenanted; and on the wings
Of gorgeous cherubim, careering home

From alien errands of the royal One,
The dewy incense all refreshing falls;
Cooling the drought that is not, till the cup
That is presented, makes it; while my soul
Creaks like a barque by storms of gloom impelled
Thro' Hell's Sahara, darkly waiting doom;
The fatal future which is sure to come.

A band of spirits soaring up singing:

AIR: "LAND AHEAD."

Lo, the gates are outward swinging,
Flash ye hills of sacred sward!
Hear the throne-born angels singing:
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

Alpha and Omega still,
Able to abolish ill;
White of feet on Zion's hill,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

In the blood sin shed He laved us;
Zion soon to be restored,
By the Nazarene who saved us,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

Praises sing on harp and cymbal,
Heaven and earth, O great reward!
Angels, evil, pale and tremble:
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

Thou art rebellious; how then wilt thou be
In the millennium? how shall I bear
This cancer in eternity, and see

Legions who have no majesty like mine,
Made princes by Jehovah ? thou, O Pride !
No Pompeian sanult, or scrip cuneiform,
Are requisite to teach me what thou art.
And I but live to soothe thee, not with love,
As a young bride her lord, but by revenge ;
For I have crushed creation thro' revenge.
But for that thought this hour would make eterne
The period called a day in human date ;
Such fecund scope hath pain to lengthen fate.
Now let me spread my immaterial wings,
And cleave the alien blue. Those fleecy clouds
Are dry for lack of verdure. Now they moan
With thunder, born of lightning in their caves ;
As herds that low for pasture on bleak hills.
Is yon great Heaven all happy ? Do I drive
The dreadful avalanches, shooting sheer
From storm-shorn summits to the wreckful sea,
Grinding alike the so-called bad and good ?

Enter two angels in space.

Ang. What shape informal greet we ? is that he
To whom we have an embassy ? I fear—
I must accost him : I must mediate.
Spirit, wing gently ; I would speak to thee ;
For we have heard of thee in other worlds.
I wage no war with thee, nor with thy foe ;
But in a council, lately held on high,
I have been deputised to offer thee
A portion for thine own, a vacant orb,
In lieu of Earth, forever ; a nude sphere.
Forget thine ancient grudge and sin no more.

Earth thou shalt one day lose; then where will rest,
Where wilt thou rest thine unsubstantial wings?
Deprived of even Bale; vex man no more!
To what advantage art thou valiant, sin?
What if thou shouldst succeed in withering worlds—
What satisfaction, Satan, in such work?
But muse on all that would be worshipful,
Were sin converted, Bale beatified.
Ground thy dread arms and make Jehovah glad.
Demon, if in thy power to be redeemed,
Exchange thy dreary destiny for bliss.
If heaven is glad when but one soul is saved,
What an occasion there would be for praise
If sin itself were changed, for lo, the time
Of earth's rehabitation is at hand;
And thou knowest, Satan, what that means to thee.

Satan. Art thou an emissary sent by Him?
Know thou, if such, I've no allegiance there.

Ang. Nay, we but know thy nature from thy work.

Lucifer. What is the amplitude of thy domain?

Ang. Thrice more for good than is thy power for guilt.

Lucifer. What meaneth thy millennial condition?
Thou temptest me as once I tempted others.

Ang. That He who overwhelmed thee once on high,
Will bind thee for a thousand years; and then
Will overturn thee in a final woe.
These issues the still sentinels of night
Have published beyond doubting; and the seers.

Angels depart.

LUCIFER ALONE IN ACHERON AGAIN.

Enter Familiar Demon.

Fam. 'Tis well I find thee musing. I would probe
Thy prescience with augury: Let me know
The destiny of twain but lately seen
Where ancient Paradise was situate;
As I did wander in that shadowy cool
Which fans the sun's hot face for restful sleep;
I heard their conversation, and they spake
Of thee, and of thy crucifixion,—one,
A mortal, with munificence of soul,
Walking in her own dreams luxuriously,
Like Eve in Eden's first ethereal June,
Where peaceful mornings painted shadows for
The white feet of her faultless loveliness.
Her motions music visible like hair,
Or incense waving o'er an ivory fane!
As shining folds of sacrificial fumes,
Whereto men are idolators who bow.
Yet he who held her thought, but not her heart,
Hath insight superhuman; and he quoted
From Ezra, saying: The pillar of Sin's cross
Is that which holds the beam of Justice' scales;
Moreover on it, hanging 'twixt two worlds,
To prove Immanuel triumvirate,
And witnessed by all Bale, Sin shall expire.
Tell me who told these mortals of thy death?

Luc. Get back to thine appointment; I may choose
This Daniel come to judgment for my use.

SCENE II. AGAIN.

Enter Familiar Demon and others.

Dem. What structure 's yon just reared in Acheron ?

Fam. 'Tis said that Satan hath proposed a plan
To ruin all the universe at once ;
Therefore that vast St. Peter of our realm
Is their infernal tribunal to be.

Dem. How were those Alpine pillars reared so high ?

Fam. Nimrod was loosed for that a little while :
He with some gods, Cyclops and Hercules,
Smote up the beams with earthquakes of much force,
And piled the majesty portentous there.
Big domes like midnights fired with lightnings.
A smith from Lemnos forged the bossy doors.
But Satan's self 's the agony within.
See the red blasts of torment, where the walls
Are thunder-rived with tones of great distress,
Answering the keen demands of austere death.
Hell soon will summon all her demons home,
From every region where they wither worlds,
And make a different programme presently.

Dem. Let us wing thither and observe them come,
And as we cleave this air, expatiate
On nature's dissolution in her travail
To bring forth something better than mankind.

Fam. Dost thou believe that during the fierce stress,
The storm, and hail from heaven, and final woes,
That earth will be annihilated ?

Dem. Nay:
And yet the language is ambiguous,
Used by the seers; but one proclaimed full sure
That Babylon shall be no more at all.
And with her also that Apollyon,
The strong Usurper, who would grasp the throne
Belonging to the heavenly Nazarene;
He, after forty moons, will raise his saints,
With all who died believing Him, in air.
Then shall the powers of two strong Principles
Besiege creation fiercely; then the Beast,
The Leopard, and the Dragon, side by side,
Will howl around God's Son: meantime the seas
And hills will reel in strange delirium.
Then the four angels of the Euphrates,—
Having their wings dipped in its wave of blood—
The vials of wrath will empty; then the sun
Will clothe in palls funereal the spheres,
And all his beams ray blackness, till no star
May know its neighbor star, or sun, or moon.
Demon, there will be dreadful doings then!
Then from the east, to show Himself is light,
The Author of the universe shall dash
A dazzling deluge of celestial flames
Forth from His throne of crimson clouds, and hosts
Innumerable of cherubim, and drive
Eternal terrors, ever-during woes,
Confusion overwhelming, fierce defeat
Against the guilty who denied their God.

SCENE I. AGAIN.

Enter Demon and Familiar.

Dem. There while we rest an incident I'll tell
Which did transpire on earth, the place of sin:
There was a ruler once in Gallic realms
A blood relation unto Antichrist,
He who when power was given to do much good,
Did sit him down imperiously mute
Nor cared for coming strife; he mused not on
Man's future apparition-life, man's fall,
What men are most addicted to, and all
Earth might become sans sin. His Roman queen—

Fam. Oust the delusion of the obdure sex
Their charms for aye eventuate to vex!
Pardon my contradictory reply,
All men lose faith in women ere they die;
Experience is like science, it lays bare,
Those moons our early fancy saw so fair.

Dem. Such sad conclusions prove experience foul,
For love itself can bridge eternity.
If it is guiltless, I infer that gold
Greatly excludes salvation from men's minds.

Fam. Yea, so do I, but 'tis the want of it,
Gold is the missionary's staff and scrip;
There is no eloquence like gold, no power.

Dem. Can gold make purchase of the gate of death,
Or liberate the lost?

Fam. Yes ere they come,
And subsequently, frequently it doth.

Dem. Can you bribe nature to grow golden figs
On tartish crabs? it were a bastard stock.

Fam. Still, if 'twere gold, gold turns all crabs to plums,
And makes all bastards legal.

Dem. But the worm?
The worm that never dies, what of the worm?

Fam. That, and its like, is nurtured by defect,
It propagates not in prosperity.

Dem. Just Job was wealthy, was he prosperous?

Fam. He did not use his funds judiciously,
Being a bard; they never bow to gold,
Which is one wherefore they are miserable,
As one we wot of, our familiar friend.
But poets never have been understood
Save by a few pure women of high souls;
Yet by their love they too augment misfortune.

Dem. Gold makes no cause after earth's final pale.

Fam. Well earth's one seed of the eternal tree
While all men's acts are tendrils tempest swung.
There may be bliss that gold can never buy,
But misery its want can multiply.

Dem. Is not the world's work by its wants performed:
Focal necessity's concentrant power
Goads slavery on to freedom.

Fam. Freedom, yea,
Freedom to deluge with abnormal pains
Themselves, and broadcast ruin's germs for Bale.

I studied all conceptions of despair,
I knew gehenna's worst conditions well,
Ere coming; all high aspirations crushed
In youth's dark days; from me fate held a hand
That might have saved, Imagination then,
Some respite gained by conjuring Paradise
Whose only clouds were ministering angel's wings
O'er vales of spice producing redolency.
By streams of palms with showers of dropping pearls,
On grasses alchymised to emeralds
June after June, till e'en misfortune smiled
To see lush fruit fall into verdure's lap,
By azure rivers over golden sands,
Whereby we trysted roving hand in hand
From purple dawn to even opaline.

Dem. Such whims do fade from cogitation's mirror,
Aware excess, when want does make its worth,
Would mar what good was in it; furthermore—

Fam. Nay, but those dreams did not delude me long
They scarce sufficed to sooth my fantasy.

Dem. Still as statistics show war's ranks are filled
By disappointed hope, so haply woe's.
We'll prove it by recruits from recreant Gaul
Who must be near her advent hitherward.

Fam. Now art thou void of logic, listen me:
The earth, like that same snake that tempted Eve,
Will cast her leprous scales of evil in
Bethesda's bath millennial, and be free.

Dem. What is the direst evil men invent?
Bad human stock wrong bearing and worse rearing.

Dem. I thought the tears because of faithlessness
In exhalations from the graveyard world
Would the white Jasper stain of Zion's throne.
Why did not the old seers announce this thing,
In mercy to mankind.

Fam. They did so, oft
But men such laws material deem, and still
They forge the chains that fasten them to ill.

Exeunt all.

SCENE III.

Space east of the Sun. JUNO, HEBE, *and* IRIS, *on their airy way towards Flora, one of the Asteroids.*

Vast worlds on worlds, inhabited and high,
Songful surrounded them, fast wheeling by.

Iris. What globe is yon just yearning o'er hell's verge
It looks as if forsaken of the Lord ?

Juno. That is our earth ; how innocent it seems,
Seeing 'tis a world to which their bans are tagged,
Like Enck's odd comet bearing triune tails ;
Lone as a drifting wreck o'er dreadful seas,
By pirates boarded who no knowledge have
Of compass, keel, or sun ; or whither bound.
It is infested with a curious crew ;
Predestined for great things yet so perverse ;
So beautiful the gods have wept for it ;
But yet 'tis chartered by Omnipotence
To orb the azure ocean of the air
Till He will guide it into port in time.

Hebe. Urge thou more westward; I would see that
Its clouds are lovely as the vivid silk orb.
Of some huge god's abandoned, war-torn tent.
With many tints as an October day,
When to the south's a bright meridian sun,
And to the north a sable thunderstorm.

Juno. A beamy ruby on Diana's breast,
Behold the bay of Naples; yonder's Rome
In hoary desolation of old days.
Northward obscure Jerusalem decayed,
The holy city, once, and Zion named,
To be rebuilded when the kingdom comes.
The mournful city where men crucified
The Son of God who came to save his foes,
From Him all creed that have a goodly core,
Do come, as lights and planets from the sun.
Twere just as well if worlds should crucify
The glorious sun who doth their lights supply.
Surely an impious deed; heart-rending death!

Hebe. What is that superhuman phantom, Death?

Juno. There, all except the Deity, are dumb.
Being dim thro' mercy, but made bright by faith.

Hebe. What land is that with lakes of silvery blue
To westward, like an occidental dawn?

Juno. A new Dominion from oblivion comes;
Perchance to serve in the prophetic role
As once did Egypt unto Canaan's plight.
I mention these remembering you were born.
In that mild star that hath a different map.

Hebe. Those regions have been mentioned in our orb,
Chancewise, but nothing definite till now,
Saving of Eden and Jerusalem.
Meantime inform me of those clouds of smoke
Rising as from red holocausts in Bale?

Juno. Such as they seem they are or are to be.

Hebe. Why are they with infernal fury scourged;

Juno. I know not why, such lore is limited.
It may be so to cure the culpable
By dread ordeals, this nation thus may warn
Other that reason is not God, and save,
High worlds that have not sinned; at once make pure
Themselves and teach celestial cause for praise:
We will return to that unhappy world
After a thousand years or so, and see
How prophecy hath changed geography.
The day may now be sighted by some star
Whose dawn will tint the eternal firmament,
Burning away abomination's shades,
And in some future Waterloo decide
Once and forever human destiny.
But yonder's Tophet's tainted atmosphere
Lit by volcanoes barking to the moon.

SCENE III. AGAIN.

Enter, BARD, *alone.*

Bard. This dim immitigable den is full
Of scowling ghosts on errands of despair

Blaspheming, yet of destiny afraid ;
From one of skill I heard this sullen song.

We have passed the grim portal
Have trod the broad way,
With evil immortal
'Tis folly to pray :
The ceiling's of cinder
The flooring of brass,
They evermore hinder
From hither to pass.

Strange the supremest joy that mortals know
Should terminate in torture !

Fam. Even so
Sweet minstrel ; but why murmur, 'tis in vain,
Come and behold a baptism of strange fire,
The acrimonious initiation,
Of hither-hastening Gaul ; haply we may
See some similitudes exceeding far
Thy soul's regretful loss.

Bard. I cannot go
Because too deep I sympathize with woe.

Fam. Then I must hasten to that scene alone

Exit soliloquizing on the way.

As song may music have and phantasy,
Yet he too sad, so his I will not laud,
The better to discourage dreariness ;
For nothing, even women, wine or war.
Can sap vitality so fast as care.

A poet's mission is to teach grand hopes ;
How to endure misfortune with due force;
But not to weep, tho' seldom without cause,
For they're reformers and all Bale hates such.
Yet sadness is a symptom of great souls,
With wit narcotic spiced consistently.
Great gifts enable men to see great faults,
Both in themselves and in the universe ;
For the large contrast 'twixt their visions pure,
And grim reality's assiduous wrongs,
Spreads o'er imagination a dark glow,
Like a volcano's glare in Paradise.
And when the blast of desolation comes,
Since as our talents will our torments be
The low, like flexible reeds, by bending live ;
But let it smite the oak, and every bough
Resists it fiercely till o'erwhelmed for aye,
So grandeur trembles when its treasure's gone,
As a bough quivers when the bird has flown.
Imagination marvels why he came,
Down to this unregenerating realm ;
So dark ! I scarce can see the wounding way,
Egyptian shadows throng the sighing sky,
Filled with the elfish animalcula,
Or mist of midges on a moonlit stream,
With sounds resembling flocks of storks befogged,
Once witnessed egged by storms thro' earth's pale air ;
More furious these ! how they increase on high,
Sans precedent, except preceding death,
They came ; innumerous as clouds of sand
From some huge hill driven down upon the main,
Howling and trundling to eternity.

Like thunder-tempests seaward hurtled on.
Here's tribute for sad Charon and the dogs,
That sleepless guard the ghost-worn gate of gloom.

SCENE V.

The hall of Nemesis to which reference was made in Scene III. By a yellow gorge whose promentories dandle moaning Avernus in their melancholy embrace.

PRESENT. *The Dii Majorum Gentium, including Janus, Æacus, Lucifer, Celeno, Alecto, etc., to receive the spirits from Apollyon with their hosts. Time, after the battle of Decision.*

Luc. We miss a host of Jews we certainly
Believed were coming hither, and from Zion
The false Usurper of its throne; but he
Is coming by infallibility,
The craft that brings blaspheming legions down
Damnation's most prolific tributary.

Enter Apollyon in charge of Pluto.

Fam. Mention his majesty, and lo, he comes.
A Berlin, vive le roi, comme il faut, hail,
Quote me ambition's stock in Salem now,
Thy chances for the throne Iberian?

Luc. Give him in charge, take him, ye fiends, away.

Fam. Haste thither to the region Malebolge.

Apol. What clime is that?

Fam. A festal land and fair.
" The valley of the many colored grass,"
Of foliage glorified and sacred song,
That has for ages been resort of kings.
And emperors who loved the luxury.
Of mercy to their minions, and mild rule.
Among the vast investments of its peace
Are mild Celeno and Alecto found,
Bead-counting beauties musical and coy,
And they will bind thine opal crown with balm,
And bathe thy feet, late blistered in the fires
Of those who died for faith, in cooling milk,
They to thy couch will let no nightmares come,
'Horrent of reptiles boring conscious flesh.
The Phantom with the scythe shall never scare,
Nor shriek distressful marring chansoned morn,
No Bismarck with thy sceptre interfere,
To mar the mirthful tents of tenderness.
But damsels with white charms a feast will spread
Of pomegranates crimson as their smiles
All savory to soothe an emperor
Most recent honey out of hybla-hives
Tinctured by spice Ceylonian, and creams
On costly plate, and wine in precious stones.
O'er thee will wave the ever-vernal palms
In rosy airs, from isles salubrious,
Made soft by music from the minstrel spheres,
Fast by a slope of immaterial swards,
Where thou canst dream such dreams as Dante did,
Down by a lake which holds no moorings; lo,
This is the lake; this is the abyss baptismal—
Do not despise it tho' just now 'tis dismal.

Nap. IV. The Scarlet Woman, the Beast, the Leopard, the Dragon, and their followers.

Luc. Who so a friend betrays is truly cursed,
And whoso me embroils, as thou didst thrice,
Is lowlier than pence-loving Judas sunk,
Allow me, gentle ghosts, be introduced.
Prince Maximilian, from Mexico,
His highness Emperor of France; thy friend.
These others, thou art well aware of these.

Max. Away, I scorn to greet thee, perjured, I
Will stipulate that every fiend in Bale,
Shall blast thee from this gloomy ghost-grooved shore,
As from thy throne rebellious, falsely got
From miscreant millions, sycophants and slaves,
The shambles and monopoly of shame,
Whose quit-claim to corruption ne'er was served,
Because she took Jehovah for a jest,
And made of sophistry and lust a god.

SCENE III. AGAIN.

Enter Familiar, observing the Bird afar off.

Fam. That bard was once a lofty soul, of late
He melancholy seems, or is bemooned
By the remembrance of some earthly dame.
O, they are apt in ruin! never yet
Did any maid e'er love a lordly man,
For inasmuch as he doth reverence her—
And reverence is a portion of that force
Which leads true souls and lifts them—even so

She deems him foolish for his preference.
Perchance because they never love themselves;
But, overlook time's page from Job to John,
A poet was the first Jehovah chose
To write creation's sacred history.
And all men know of heaven the latter told;
Yea, all the seers who wrote between those twain
Were bards, by truth inspired for being such.
While symbols in the Testament attest,
A faith so mighty, millions die for it.
Yet human hosts, by giving way to folly,
Do make themselves a Hell to which they hie,
Then upbraid faith: if fiends their chances had,
How gladly would they hail redeeming good.
Yet tho' one from this ruined realm arose,
They would not hear, for planning funerals,
And disemboguing Mammonites in Bale.

Enter Bard.

Bard. Familiar I do long to look on earth,
Since all things are renewed, and Antichrist
Is overthrown, and men do sin no more.

Fam. How dost thou know the day of grace is due?

Bard. Because the Beast and Dragon have come down.
I'm not at home with such inhabitants,
But even in dim youth I had a faith,
Some called it phrensy and some phantasy,
Things would be as they are; O, for a force,
To break all bands between us and be free;
For there is in my soul, and 'tis not pride;
A likeness to immortals, yea, to gods!

Enter Juno.

Juno. Thy pardon for obtruding unannounced.

Bard. Juno, it is my life when thou art near:
Let us hold converse of the beautiful,
Whose best solution I of thee obtain ;
For I am pained because of human pain.

Juno. Thou, and thy brethren prove convincingly,
That the imaginative live more life,
And deeper draughts do drink of love's sad lore,
Than common mortals, therefore they excel.
I thought thou wert elected when on earth,
Seeing thy sins were the discouragements
Thy kindred heaped athwart the rill of good ;
Which, when it breaks its bondage, well we know,
Hurls backward all obstruction straight below.
How dids't thou cogitate, give me a clue ?

Bard. Strange that when Moses stood upon the verge
Jehovah's spirit moving on the flood,
Divulged creation, and unto his gaze
Gave huge Leviathans, and diving bulks
Of winged brutes, scorpions, sea-adullamites ;
And forest-craunching, rock-uprooting fires—
A vast synopsis of oblivion—
Yet gave no hint of everduring Bale.
And where the latter of those symbols seven,
Which the Creator hinted to the seer
When each starved soul would, like the prodigal,
Come home to its inheritance, and rest ?

Juno. Haply thy questions, as most questions do,
Hold indirectly their own answers' clue ;

So life etern a grander boon may be
Than all the bards can ask, or dream, or see.
But let me hence; a winged excursion leaves,
Some orbs beyond old Aldebaran's dawn,
With the extreme intelligence of doom
Ordained in our own universe. Farewell.

Bard. Nay, Juno, with thee let me journey there;
A Bard is not a common mortal Juno.
Forgive thou my presumption urging thee;
But who with genius gifted to prefer
All that is lovely in the earth and sky,
Could help his admiration, tho' 'twere death,
Nor long for immortality? O Queen!
Thou owest me something for my ruined years.
Come, then celestial, make my visions true.

Juno. I feel thy bardic fervor, and the odds
Are in thy favor when compared to gods;
And, if thou can'st thy preference justify,
Extend thy pinions, let us to the sky.

SCENE V. ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

Bard. Hark, Juno, I do hear the jubilee
Of the redeemed triumphant?

Juno. Sweet to hear:

ANGELS SINGING.

Ye daughters of Zion give praises again,
Thy foemen are sunken once more in the main;
Not in the Red Sea but in seven-fold fire
The horsemen of Baal shall forever expire.

Apollyon has perished, for how could he fight ?
While the sun had on sackcloth, the moon hid her light;
And the stars fought for Salem that terrible day,
And the cherubim cried, " for Jehovah make way."

Then Justice with legions of angels aflame
Rode down on their foe in the valley of shame;
The saints had a light from the Lord, but his gloom
To Dagon was death in that battle of doom.

Whose feet were as scarlet with sacrificed blood ?
The Beast's and the Dragon's when warring 'gainst God:
In the vale of decision they struggled in vain,
For the woes were at work and the rocks were as rain.

Whose banners are bright on the city of Peace ?
From Tarshish are they, and the isles of the seas;
In their ships of the sea are the tribes of the shore,
With the sceptre of David to Judah once more.

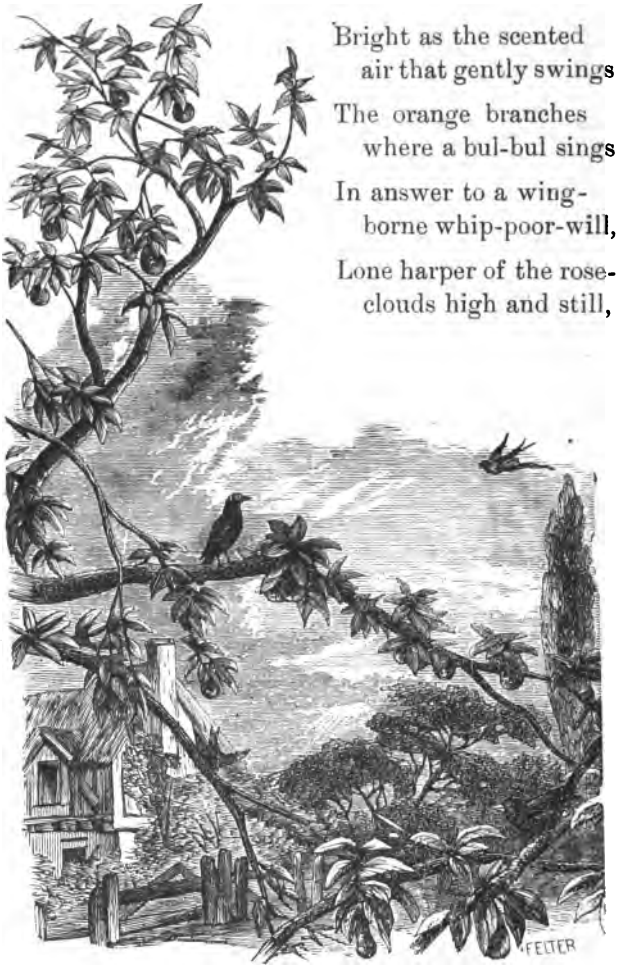
Who sits in the circle upon the white horse ?
'Tis the Bride that the evil one tried to divorce :
Who is He who in darkness his enemy hurled ?
That is He who was slain for the sins of the world.

Go tell the winged flames round the throne of the Lord,
The Light of the Temple to Salem's restored !
Go tell them, O Miram of timbrels, and sing:
Jehovah has triumphed, the Bridegroom is King !

Swine.

OBSERVE the swine! who has not heard the praise
Of all the birds that sing or flocks that graze?
Yet, strange neglect, we never have a line
Laudatory of meadow-loving swine.
Is this an ancient grudge remembered still
'Gainst Satan's refuge rushing down the hill?
Why blame the modern brutes for sins extinct,
Save in a few of our own species linked?
Some perpendicular, like men in shape,
Who meanly rush for every office gap,
Nerve-bent on gain, the power of grasping more,
With ceaseless greed till life's poor play is o'er?

But truth will triumph, and it ever should,
As pounded glass will sparkle tho' in mud:
The hog shall have his due. Come, lofty muse,
Grant him the fame the fates so long refuse.
Come spritely visions; Retribution, come!
All things that sigh in song or blush in bloom.



Bright as the scented
air that gently swings
The orange branches
where a bul-bul sings
In answer to a wing-
borne whip-poor-will,
Lone harper of the rose-
clouds high and still,

Whose vespers vibrate down the vista-aisles
Where parting day on pensive evening smiles ;

Like golden fruit upon the green sward spread
From fertile boughs by fragrant zephyr shed,
The bullfrog croaking in the deep mill-dam
Whose smothered thunders break the evening calm ;
The cowbell tinkling in the twilight shade,
The wondrous color on the landscape laid,
All shapes and shades of slighted swine appear,
Each with his knife-docked tail or branded ear,
Slow sauntering down the lane with muddy heels,
To snuff frankincense out of buckwheat fields ;
Or carrying straw before an autumn storm,
To keep thy cosy resting places warm.
Or recklessly besieging stacks of straw,
When chilly winds are eastwardly and raw—
Come and confute your foes and let them see
Which are deserving censure, they or thee.
Appeal to reason, and if none remains,
Appeal to appetite, there all have brains—
They come, they come ! ye gormands, raise your eyes,
See amber rows of salutory pies,
From ham and eggs a myrrhy steam upcurls,
From pastry waiting to be boys and girls.
With future strength to rule this mundane ball,
So potent are those acts considered small.
While commerce, scorning paltry whims of caste,
Floats bacon loads along the watery waste,
To barter there for blessings needed home,
Or to support his sailors as they roam
Thro' far off isles in oriental seas
Where birds of Eden trill in cassia trees.
(O fields, the fields, the sunny fields of spring,
All day, all night thy very rivers sing !)

Crowned with the east his barques recross the main,
And nations gather knowledge with their gain.

In every possible clime where food is found
He wendeth forth to graze or grove the ground,
By Baalbec, still Persepolis, or where

Old Pharpar once made bright the desert air,
By bowery banyan trees, or towery palms;
Yea, he believes earth yields for him her yams!

'Tis said, and truly, that our food contains
The various properties of various brains;
Byron called bacon amatory food.
Hence a vast influence for doing good;
However this may be one truth is sure
That to the good and pure all things are pure.

Some bilious blunderers of a purblind school
Who hint th' omnivorous animal, man's a fool.
Maintain the blest millennium soon would greet
This purse-mad world if man would eat no meat;
That earth would be expunged from all distress,
And brotherly love come by the first express.
'Tis true there's more in part than eating all
To purify our morals heart or gall;
But what makes mind no mortal known can tell;
In such abundant ignorance we dwell,
So let it rest with our uncertain sins,
Till proved where pork-mind ends and beef's begins.
To one lost sense life never bars her dower
That temperance gives health, and health is power,
Hence gourmand and ascetic both we blame,
For health, and life and temperance are the same;
No universal rule will suit all cases,
Our hunger differs as our fates or faces.
And almost any creed a man may choose
Will leave his spirit partial in its views,
Especially observing those unblest
Who sin without the sect by him professed.
A moderate use of all things lent by heaven
Is the best precept that the wise have given.
Except the dram; one universal curse
Speeds its devotees to the lonesome hearse.
We leave the argument on Reason's shelf—
Let every mortal civilize himself.

I've been informed that men of learning great,
Whose business basis is to propagate
Judicious fossils, digging in a rock

A tapir found, but this the skeptics mock—
A tapir is the Adam of the swine,
Says evolution, a collateral line—
A thesis doubters bitterly dispute;
For brutish men despise their fellow brute.

But when the season wanes towards the fall
Then comes the saddest tragedy of all:
The big fat barrow in his sty of straw
Must die—'tis life's inevitable law—
The long knife lets the life blood from his breast,
Or the quick rifle gives his spirit rest.
Sad fate, but certain—let him rest in peace
And let the small boy have his bacon grease;
Hale lads, hard laboring in the autumn air
Require a huge supply of healthy fare,
Else they will sally forth beneath the moon
To roast the corn and slay the sly raccoon.
Now the same pots that cooked his nibs of corn,
His pea and pumpkin provender at morn,
Contain the boiling flood to scald his hair,
Ere from the lug-pole hangs his bacon bare.
No more for him to root the flowery mead,
Nor come with upcurled narrative to feed,
No more to stand the barnyard bars outside
Squealing for entrance at the eventide;
No more to husk the yellow corn for him
In fine October when the days are dim,
And beautiful in haziness subdued,
And happy as a hungry swine with food.

Found.

Now being for the owner moved to pity,
We advertise the gem by fate conferred :
An earring in a temple of the city
Of Brooklyn, Sunday, June the twenty-third ;
A golden circlet jacinthine and pearly
That scarce could add a charm to where it hung
Chaste from a little ear in tresses curly,
As dewdrops hang in vines when day is young.

Some hundreds had all heedlessly passed o'er it,
Coming from Talmage's that summer morn ;
'Twere meet to find the owner and restore it
Within the tabernacle upon Schermerhorn.
On Bergen or Jerolyman young maiden,
Or near the bridge that overlooks the tide,
With all its argosies of life o'erladen,
Dear sylphid of my dreams, dost thou abide.

Perchance we have met frequently not knowing,
On Fulton, Flatbush, or in Oxford Place :
Fate often hinders projects of bestowing,
Until too late, some act of tender grace.

So costly link my spirit fears thy chances
Of coupling adverse destinies are few,
Save thou art hers whose charitable glances
Invited me to share her Sunday pew.

A doubt that thou hast been a tender token
From her heart's choice bedims thy dewy gleam
And mars my lovely musings; be unspoken
For it is far more beautiful to dream
A ring of gold upon a slender finger,
And clasp the same if it were possible;
Romance is the soul's rainbow, let us linger,
And fondly hesitate to say farewell.

A Medallion of Lena B.

(BY MISS VIDA MOSS NEAR, BROOKLYN).

NO WONDER men refined in reverend phrase
Turn poets by thy beauty, unaware
Of using symbols delicately rare;
Nor know this lovely emblem's but one phase
Of her whose inspiration made it fair.
If music could be conjured from bright air,
And rendered visible, so would its rays
Be as thy gifted eyes and smiling hair.
If thou to those who love not dost appear
That this mute shadow is to them a shrine,
Vestured in vapory myrrh, or music fine
As Sappho made aflush with Phaon's praise,
Then how much more must I, a bard, revere
A portrait and a gift that brings the artist Near.

Toronto Bay.

(W. J. B. MOORE.)

HUSHED was my harp, unworthy of thy waves;
But, gazing sunward from the dusty street
Upon the blue refreshingly cool sheen—
Goodly beyond all language! unaware,
Thy glory threw the Muses off their guard.
And, as a noise among the Island willow
By zephyr moved to unobtrusive song,
Arose their gratulations that thy floor
Of frost has been removed by flashing floods,
For flowers, and summer's gorgeous garnature.
Many may deem thy luminous strange grace
Too local to be lovely, but yon Bay
Bears emblems of our nature, calm or storm;
Our coldness often cruel, light and shade.
Or spirits pain us, and our flesh has pangs;
These thou canst cradle back to quietude;
Their hot brows with soft breezes; strength of soul
Comes oft with strength of nature, and pure thought:
And these 'tis thine to nurture; a great boon,
Which man, unused to yielding gratitude,
Is slow to recognize; but the unwell,
The infant pale and poor, and far too thin
To ache its mother's arm, but not her heart,
Receive thy benison, while laughingly
Thou dandl'st both the mother and her babe.
Mother thou art unto this moral city;
And to the island Hanlan famous made
Hanlan! the comet of an aqueous world.

Were numerous shekels mine that isle were mine;
Whereon should rise large mansions for the sick,
The hurt in health and spirit; and for hire
Wise doctors would explain hygienic law,
Till flesh marred soul, thro' ignorance no more.
And others learned divinely to unfold
Those rules which thou dost teach in thy dumb way,
Rebuking us with beauty night and day.

To Miss Wishart.

YOU bring to mind a beam of light
In a clear pool; it pictures there
Shells of rich hues, and pebbles bright,
In moss, like gems in waving hair;
And roses flushed with crimson shade
Of floating clouds in early air;
All mirrored from above, and made,
As you have made them yet more fair,
By inspiration's mystic dower—
The grace that genius only knows,
Which from yourself, or pencil, glows.
For beauty is a sacred power,
And for a sacred purpose flows
Pure from beneath the jasper throne;
Even as light on earth bestows
A glory otherwise unknown;
Therefore to art and song is given,
Even while here, a gleam of heaven.

A Hymn.

(FOR MOTHER.)

IT is well that nothing worthy
Of ourselves have we to give;
But when contrite to prefer Thee
Then and only then, we live.

Therefore wert thou dealing kindly
When we thought thy rod severe:
Pardon us for murmuring blindly
In the cloud where thou wert near.

On sin's dreadful ocean drifted,
All the waters overcast,
Then the soul with eyes uplifted,
Seeks its safety from the blast.

So benignly wert thou dealing
All those years of strife and pain,
Turning trouble into healing,
Human loss to sacred gain.

Peaceful light of holy living
Lead us heavenward alway:
For thy guiding, and forgiving,
More we owe than earth can pay.

Yet the gold and all the cattle,
On a thousand hills, are thine:
Turn, O turn the tide of battle
Into victory divine.

Heavysege.

WELL done, my brother; strong tho' storms assail;
So chansoned Heavysege, whose scant renown
Had been, ere death, rewarded with a crown,
Had he but cheered the hounds of party trail.
Thank God his mighty mind was not for sale!
But like a legacy of light shines down
From heaven in spite of want's material thrall,
Familiar with two world's, and the most High.
He is not dead—great spirits cannot die!
He lives with Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, and all
Shekinah-agencies which from the sky
Still guide to good; tho' circumscribed, still brave!
Another instance where great genius gave
Glory to earth which thanked him with a grave.

A Child's Answer.

A CHILD when asked what stars were for,
Said, looking up the blue,
"They 're holes they poke in Heaven's floor
To let the glory through."
O ye who measure mighty space,
You fail to feel, and I,
The faith that thrilled that infant face
Turned up to God's great sky.
Unblest we search with purpose set,
Thro' science, fate and lore,
And in our questioning forget
What heaven itself is for.

"Bitterness."

From the prose of Earl Beaconsfield's "The Young Duke," as quoted by G. M. Barton, of Dundas, in his admirable essay on Disraeli.

MEN weep but once and then their tears
Are blood, the bitterness of years.
Bitter to leave our father's home
In alien lands alone to roam,
Or, after years in some far land,
By gambling hope's unhappy band
Returned, to feel the nameless dread
Foreboding change, or choice ones dead.
Bitter is debt but bitter still—
O incommunicable ill!
To be neglected by the good,
Or by beloved ones misconstrued.
Bitter is age without respect,
The eastwind of a child's neglect.
Bitter to think on wasted years
Of faults augmenting future fears,
Bitter as death is the untruth
Of one we idolized in youth.
But the unmitigated gall
That more embittering is than all
The Mara depths despair can show,
Is hers who weds a drunkard's woe.
A hopeless life, delight delayed;
Ambition crushed, belief betrayed,
O bitterness beyond compare,
The secret woe which none can share,
Intense as passion fiercely tried,
Deprived of all that sanctified.

Then first she feels the nothingness
Of self, and all that was or is;
Then woe could weep on any breast
Since faith is shaken in the best;
Then first love's fond delusions die,
And every hope a proven lie
That smiles deceitful o'er distress,
As wormwood blooms in bitterness.
A dreary feeling, cruel, cold,
When youth, in all but years, is old,
While taunting doubts, a dismal crew,
Cry: who is constant, what is true,
Among the shapes that move away
Into the realms of yesterday?

Tecumseh.

(TO MR. CHARLES MAIR, AUTHOR OF "TECUMSEH," A DRAMA).

ALL who take hold on immortality,
Hail thee; the souls of red men hail thy song,
And from the wilds where he has waited long
Tecumseh comes again to take command
Of thy great drama; lo! is it not grand?
"Brimful of legends of this early world."
Weird people from dim wastes and canyons cry
Hail, shade of him who did our foe defy!
For, like thy song, his fame shall never die,
Who to thy martial music hast unfurled
The flag 'neath which we flourish, therefore he
Napoleon of this hemisphere shall be!
It is my boast and glory to declare
His native blood is mine, my countryman is Mair!

The Workingman's Hand.

(TO THOMAS BAIN, M.P.P.)

'MIDST partings and changes 'tis pleasant to find
Those friends we most value all constant and kind.
O, sweet the reception that beauty can give
With the soul-thrilling pressure that bids us to live,
But the noblest reception that Nature has planned
Is the warm-hearted grasp of an honest man's hand.

There is beauty in light, as a rainbow can prove,
There is pathos in pleasure and sorrow in love,
There is valor in peace and there's wisdom in years,
There is power in joy and a magic in tears;
But there's greatness in toil, that too few understand,
With the warm-hearted grasp of a workingman's hand.

How piteous that those who do labor's least share
Are preferred by earth's fools and caressed by the fair;
Yea, and life after life is to vanity wrecked,
That reason would save if allowed to reflect,
For the holiest alliance by love ever found
Is the warm-hearted grasp of the workingman's hand.

From yellow fields the daylight fails
  And grapes are full of yellow air;
And flocks and squirrels foreboding gales,
  By flight, or hoarded fruit, prepare;
Since in the past we cannot dwell,
  'Tis time we also say farewell.

With keen regret we quit the realm
  Where dreamy fancy loved to roam,
The scenes that fate may overwhelm
  As frost deprives the vines of bloom
Which in this rural vale we view;
  Adieu, old home, dear scenes adieu.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON THE AUTHOR'S FORMER PUBLICATIONS.

In perusing the volume I have found much fine thought and feeling. I most admire the "Haunted House," "Forewarnings," the first five verses of "October" and the "Old Pine Canoe." The "Haunted House" contains some charming bits of description, so full of truth, and abounding in powerful yet delicate touches that it is hard to believe they have not been drawn from the life. The poem breathes forth sad reminiscences of the past, and in it the gaunt figure of decay is draped so gracefully in the robes of poetic fancy, that the House becomes more interesting in its pathetic desertion, when "the dancers are dispersed, the music ended," than ever it was in the days of its gay hospitalities. Forewarnings has something solemn and spectral about it, and the reader seems to catch a glimpse of coming evils behind the half undrawn veil that covers human destiny. They "cast their shadows before" them, and therein "pall" the soul as well as *ap*pall it. The greater part of the poem "October" is correctly picturesque. The scene reflects itself in the soul of the reader as the shores of a lake are reflected in its own waters. The "Old Pine Canoe" is one of the most beautiful and finished poems in the volume. It is almost as sad as Campbell's Exile of Erin, and, in some parts, as musical. The execution of the "Haunted House" is so good in portions, and the general conception so truthful and complete, that I regret to see it so slovenly in many places, and encumbered with redundant verses. It is as a diamond that has been cast up carelessly by the spade of the miner, and awaits to be carefully and skillfully cut into the due facets and polished by the hand of the lapidary.*

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE in *The Spectator*.

* The redundancy to which Mr. Heavysege referred, has been removed as far as it is in the power of the humble writer of these pages to approach the high conceptions of the author of "Saul."

I snatch the first leisure moment to return my sincere thanks for this charming little volume the "Canadian Lyre," and the pleasure which it has afforded me, tho' as an old votary of the Lyre I advise, that to make poetry, in this matter-of-fact country, is the recreation, not the business of life. There are few who can admire, or even comprehend it: to whom the divine elixir would prove a stupid tasteless draught, not to be compared to a horn of adulterated whiskey. Your book may take its stand upon the same shelf with McQueen, McLachlan and Sangster (men of undoubted genius who have done much to enrich the literature of this country) and lose nothing by the comparison.

I must confess my preference for short bursts of song over longer poems. They touch the affections nearest, and linger longer in the memory. I cannot recall one line from Thompson's Seasons, while Gray's magnificent Lyrics "Fill with bright forms the mystic halls of thought." The poetical bairns that most please my fancy in this volume are, "The Spinning Wheel," "'Tis better not to know," "I took thy hand of beauty," "Don't despise the poor man's pleasure," "Midst changes and partings," and the lines to the two autumnal months. Many beautiful passages occur in the longer poems which I have not time to enumerate, but to which I may revert on some future occasion.

SUSANNA MOODIE.

"The Canadian Lyre" is the title of a small volume of poems by Mr. Ramsay, a Provincial Bard of great powers and promise. This neat volume contains many pieces of great merit and beauty, and furnishes ample evidence that the author possesses powers of song, which under due culture, will produce for him a high place among the early poets of our rising country, and earn for him a name not soon to die. In style, simple and chaste; in versification, smooth and musical; in imagery, natural and national; in sentiment, pure and elevating; these poems cannot fail at once to please and profit. We gratefully accept them as an earnest of something still nobler to follow—and cordially commend them to all true lovers of poetry, and patriotic patrons of a Canadian literature.

W. ORMISTON, D.D.

It is a happy thing for Canada that we have young men among us who devote this highest of mental gifts, poetry, to the service of their country; for it is serving, by teaching us to love her, her people and scenery, as much as if in arms on her behalf. Mr. Ramsay is not afraid to see poetry in a Canadian landscape, and we honor him for it; as witness "The Spinning Wheel":

"There is the vale, the elm-tree, and the oak
All leaf-crowned still!
The old log barn; oh, it was here awoke
My heart's first thrill."

This muse sometimes rises to a height of eloquence which the novice may not hope to attain. The following of Hope as a seraph:

"To his own happy occupation singing
The song begun in heaven before he left
The host of holy worshipers, outwinging
The very beams of gladness."

And again of a scene where—

"The sacred super-human hues
Adorned each dim declivity,
And shaped the intermingling views
As fair as Eden's landscapes be."

REV. W. W. SMITH in *Owen Sound Times.*

I have read your volume *One Quiet Day*, with much interest and pleasure, and with your permission should like to insert one or two of the poems in the volume of "Poems of Places" devoted to Canada.

With much regard,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

There is a breathing of the fragrant meadow in his verse which is quite refreshing to the literary palates of sun-baked city readers.

NEW ORLEANS DELTA.

"I shall Not Tell." A. Ramsay, author of "Wi-non-ah," "One Quiet Day," etc, Brooklyn. The verses in this volume are not pretentious, and their author is, perhaps, too modest in his presentation of them to the public. They come without the imprint of a great publishing house, and are heralded with no trumpets. The opening poem begins thus:

"I shall not tell thee why the land
With so much glory glows;
There is but one in all the world
My sacred secret knows."

The best of the poems are those of the Wordsworthian style, which savor of woodland dales, the lights and shades that add to the beauty of the river, and the deep solitude of the woods where, doubtless, our poet gained his inspiration and steeped his senses in the odor of flowers, the music of birds, and cultivated that imaginative power that speaks in all he has written in these pages. The most beautiful of the number is the "Old Pine Canoe," which is a sad musical refrain worthy of reproduction. The poem entitled "Atkinson's Mill" is like it in sentiment; both discover the regret and loveliness of the poet's heart, as will be seen in the last stanza, the only one space will admit of quoting:

"No more will the big wheel revolve with a clatter,
No more the bolts turn with a turbulent clank,
As down the dim flume rolls the wonderful water
To burst forth in foam by the green covered bank.
The blue flag has gone from the shoreway we cherish,
The song of the grey-bird in autumn is still,
Yet memory kindles the blossoms that perish
Like hope that was happy by Atkinson's Mill."

Mr. Ramsay, as will be seen by these extracts from his book, gives promise of better work than he has done, and evidently is a writer who will not cease from aspiring, or be satisfied to hush his muse at this point. His fancy is refined, his ear delicate, and in his life-experiences he must have stowed away much material for future use. He has only to follow his inspiration, which is in the direction of nature, to be a widely recognised writer in the field he has chosen, and in which he has done good work already.

BROOKLYN EAGLE.

"Jephtha's Daughter" is a fine, rich, stately piece of still-life painting. "To Louise" is a fragment of limpidly flawless song, and wholly delighted me; "Atkinson's Mill," a sweet and charming poem, tender, faithful, and redolent of pastoral perfume. The stanzas to "A Comet" are, it is true, uneven in merit, but the last three are splendidly lyrical. "Every spangle a dawn, flaming onward and on; The universe vast to suffuse"—that is glorious, the whole verse very high. "They shall smile like a sunrise at sea" etc., is exquisite. In another line the verses to D. and D. are most racy and cutting; the true lilt.

CHAS G. D. ROBERTS, of *The Week.*

"There's many a line of thine which seems
Like a smiling after troubled dreams,
Before the dreamer can forget
Visions that made his pillow wet."

—*Hamilton Times.*

"Memory is true. I catch the music of the Ramsay stanza, I am wandering in woodland dells among flowers and sunlight; shadows of the deeper solitudes; thoughts by turns lighten and darken; beauty and fragrance, making a mistake, inducing delusions that I am the poet—I feel I am roaming on the banks of a little river, the waters in their music inviting me to be companion; to glide along, run along, leap along, at foot of the ravine, over the lynn, and meet the poet thoughtful and solitary; the tender in sentiment, fervent worshiper of nature's truth and beauty—the poet Ramsay.

"From which recollections revived, I desire the inference to be accepted, if you choose, that this aspiring son of thought is still unsatisfied with what he has attained to, as the self-impelled must be, and that his flight will yet be higher on wider fields. In token of esteem, please add, as a purchasing subscriber, the name of Alexander Somerville—"The Whistler at the Plough.'"—*Illustrated London News.*

In connection with the volume of poems, to be known as "Muriel," now in press, from the pen of Mr. Andrew Ramsay, the well-known contributor to these pages, may be mentioned the verses "Oramel," which will be found elsewhere in this number. Mr. Ramsay, let us say once for all, is a true singer, for his songs come from his heart and not from his lips. Those who turn to "Oramel" will find a singing that has depth and delicacy, and the true insight; and they will agree in saying of Mr. Ramsay, as Milton did of the Immortal one of Avon, that he is "fancy's child," and in the truest way of the poet "warbles his native wood-notes wild." Mr. Ramsay's work reveals a sympathetic insight into external nature; and the poetic chords within the man are set vibrating by the glimpse of a flower in the meadow, the dye in an autumn leaf, or the flush of a summer sunset. We make large predictions for the book "Muriel" which Mr. Ramsay promises the public.

EDMUND COLLINS, Toronto *Truth*.

It is very evidently a great matter, and one that does not occur often, to meet with a fresh voice in English poetry, however that voice may at times sound husky. Mr. Ramsay seems to have more originality than Mr. Frechette, for instance, the new French Canadian poet, who has had so much practice of late in France.—*New York Sun.*

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